THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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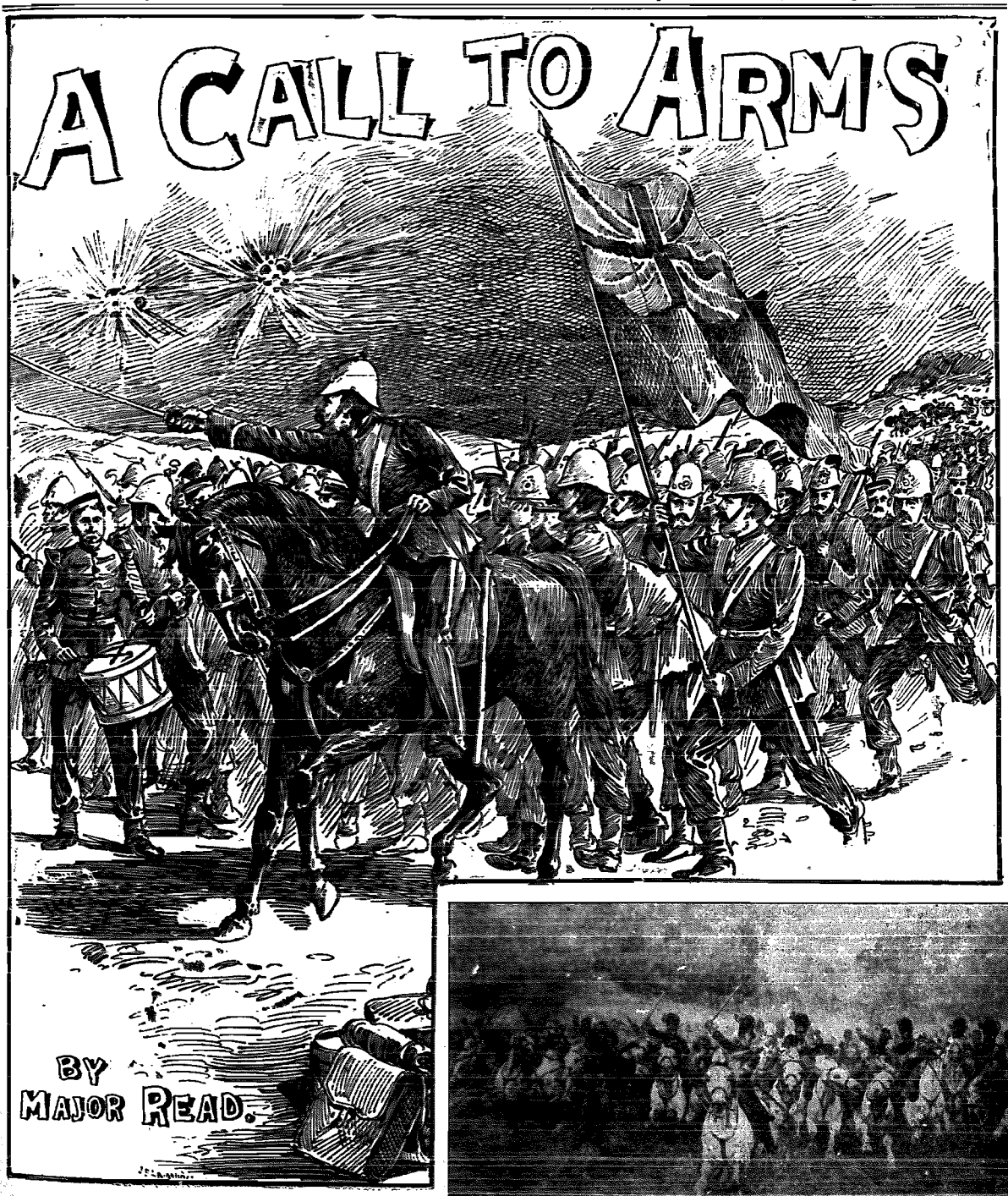


A LOUD CALL TO ARMS.

CANDIDATES WANTED!

To Every Strong, Young, Able-Bodied, Whole-Souled Canadian and Newfoundland Salvationist.

TAKE HEED HOW YE READ.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

To the front! the cry is ringing;
To the front! your place is there.

Drunkards, harlots, blasphemers, robbers, thieves and vagabonds, surround us; the devil's firm grip is upon them; like a pack of hungry wolves is he urging them on to all kinds of flagrant iniquities in order to satisfy their base, lewd and unlawful desires; with wan and weary faces they look out of their bleared eyes into the faces of those who profess to be Christ's followers, and they cry, "Who will show us any good?" This cry seems to be especially made to Salvationists, because we say we are their friends. There are many young men and women in our ranks who know their place is at the front, as leaders and saviours. Should they disobey hell will be the fuller, and heaven may lose many residents. Comrades, get to the battle's front without delay!

In the conflict men are wanted—
Men of hope and faith and prayer.

We want no cowards in our band. We want stout-hearted women as well as men, who are not afraid to die. For earthly honors, for a paltry medal, men will leave their dear wives and children, go with their lives in their hands, literally shoot and mow down their fellow-beings, and if they survive, will glory in the accounts of the bloody charges in which they have engaged. Such sacrifices will earthly soldiers make.

Oh, what a lesson, and what a rebuke to many so-called soldiers of the heavenly King! Careless, limp, lukewarm, indifferent folks are no good as candidates for salvation warfare. This battle rages too fiercely. Cannons roar too loudly. The fight is too stern and real for those who "want a job." Young people of *hope* and *faith* and *prayer* are needed. If you are one of this sort, and your heart has been touched with sympathy for this poor, sin-stricken world, send in your application.

Selfish ends shall claim no right
From the battle's front to take us.

No guaranteed salaries in this great Salvation warfare. "Thy bread shall be given and thy water shall be sure," is guarantee enough. To the end of life's chapter does this fight continue. No putting one's hand to the sword and again sheathing it will satisfy the King of kings. The cost must be counted at the start. Scars, wounds, bruises, privations, sorrows, cares, misunderstandings, and losses will have to be fought against. Oh, the numberless host of renegades, runaways, deserters, and traitors there is up and down the earth! Hot was the fight and they ran. They beat a retreat. They hauled down their flag. Compromising with flesh and blood, they became powerless and useless. Like weather-cocks they turned with the tide of opinion. No little wonder that they left their post. All hell sneers at them and gloats over their downfall. Reader, if you feel led to apply for Army work, decide to "fight it out" to the bitter end.

Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

Very little does the military man think about his home and friends when in the midst of a hot engagement. Fear vanishes like smoke. Like chaff before the wind, his feelings fly, and into the hottest part of the fray he plunges. His whole attention is centred in

The Fight.

He enlisted to fight. He left his dear wife and children to fight. He is on the battle-field to fight. Therefore every other thought and feeling bends to that one supreme action—FIGHT, and fight he must. He yields not, but fights to conquer. Should he die, he breathes his last with the satisfaction of knowing that his duty has been done. Should he go through the battle without losing his life, he receives his medal, reward, and the applause of his countrymen. In any case, he fights so as to be victorious and triumphant. Oh, that every would-be Salvation Army candidate possessed a like spirit to thus fight triumphantly for God and souls. They ought to before they apply.

* * *

Just at this time the battle flags for want of *good* leaders. The Commandant is very anxious indeed to get the respective Training Garrisons filled with *good* Cadets. *Goodness* is the first and chief qualification for Cadetship. Many are alone at the battle's front because many are holding back. Delay no longer. If you have heard the call to arms, then put your finger in your ears, shut your eyes to the devil's pretty pictures, and apply to your Provincial Officer at once.

The following true incident may be of some help to those who feel led to give up their lives as officers in the Salvation Army. Field officers and Cadets may also gather instruction and warning therefrom:—

Alas! How True.

"Ah, sir, a long time ago I distinctly heard the voice of God telling me to go to the battle's front. I disobeyed, and here I am to-day a poor, wretched reprobate and backslider."

This is the pith of a dreadful testimony which has been given to Staff and Field Officers by thousands who have wrecked, ruined, and damned their souls through disobedience to the Divine call for volunteers. Reader, beware!

Parental Stumbling-Blocks.

He had applied for Army work. His forms had all been sent to Headquarters and had all been very satisfactory, so much so that he was accepted. Notice of acceptance was sent him. His father was against his leaving home, even went so far as to threaten to shoot himself did his son leave. The boy listened to the tempter. Fear of man gave place to fear of God, and when the D.O. arrived at the town he found the accepted candidate in a wretched soul-condition. He paced up and down the road outside the house where the D.O. was billetted, and at last he mustered up courage enough to open the door and walk in. He fell on his knees by the D.O.'s side, confessed all to God and man, made up his mind to follow God at all costs, and determined to farewell the following Sunday night, which he did. He is now a happy Cadet in training. Reader, "He that loveth father or mother," etc. Have you had the call to Army work? If so, apply.

Accepted and Rejected!

"I was accepted for the Army work. The time came for me to go—to leave all. The devil built castles of doubt and fear before my eyes; my future he painted as black as possible. It unnerved me. I went down beneath discouragement; despair seized me. Instead of going off to the Training Garrison I began to get together a business. Nothing prospered. Failure stared me in the face wherever I turned. I sank lower and lower, and here I am expecting God's wrath at any moment to overwhelm me. Once I was *accepted*, now I am *rejected* and *dejected*."

With tears in his eyes, and a horrible lost look upon his face, a young man told me his sad state in the above few words. Oh, what a bright future of soul-saving usefulness might his have been had he obeyed and rushed to the battle! Reader, if you

Get the Call,

apply at once to the Commandant, and if you are accepted, then MARCH without delay.

Life for Life.

Reader, did you ever hear that wonderful account of the young man who died in the act of forcing his own precious breath into the lungs of a drowning man? The latter was dragged to the shore from a wreck. Apparently his life had gone. The crowd looked on amazed. One dear fellow knelt by the side of the body thought to be dead, and with his lips to the other's mouth began breathing into that cold *being* his own breath. Soon the half-drowned man began to show symptoms of restoration. His deliverer's efforts proved successful. Gradually, but surely, life came back, BUT, awful fact, the heroic man in his brave efforts had exhausted himself so much that he fell back and died—*after he had saved an unknown brother's life.* "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man will lay down his life for his friend."

Jesus laid down His life for His enemies. Reader, you are literally surrounded by thousands of dead souls which need to be revived. If you seek to *find* your life you will surely lose it; but if you *lose* your life you will find it.

Have you ever heard the call of God to go into the Army work? And have you disobeyed? Then disaster and woe must follow.

Wanted—you, YOU, YOU, to at once apply to the Commandant without delay.

Friday Night!

MRS. BOOTH

LEADS ON.

Floods of Felicity.

HEARTS RUNNING OVER.

STRAIGHT TRUTH.

Excellent Testimonies.

For exquisite delight, what can equal a meeting of the saints when the heavenly gales are sweeping the chords of every soul with fingers of rapturous felicity?

The Friday Night

meeting at the Young Women's Christian Association, conducted by Mrs. Booth, in the absence of the Commandant, was of this character.

I like a meeting to *travel*. This particular one did. There was no need to fuss about stirring the furnace clinkers and getting up steam—you had only to pull over the lever, and away we went, and that at such a rate that we scarcely felt an odd touch on the break now and again, while the ten p.m. stop came upon us much too suddenly.

Mrs. Booth, although feeling herself very unequal to the important task of standing on the footplates, was yet graciously sustained and enabled to well and wisely control. There was a glorious measure of liberty, so much so that a very large number of persons took courage to rise and *testify*; one lady, with much emotion, declaring she had

Never Ventured

to speak in public before, but the Holy Ghost had so moved her that she now did so.

Early in the meeting,

Mrs. Booth

requested that it should be a "thank you" meeting. We were to thank the Lord for His work in us. That request was fully complied with, as from every part of the hall people rose to speak "what great things were wrought by Jesus in and for them." The testimonies were amongst the very best that it has ever been my privilege to hear, and it was altogether impossible for any person who heard to resist the wisdom and power with which they were delivered.

In requesting all eyes closed, and all hearts open, Mrs. Booth stated God is here, *and is going to help us.* This prediction became a fact to, I believe, every person. Then an old favorite stanza was used to bear our aspirations heavenward—

"Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
And through Thy word and Thy grace I may stand,
Cleansed by Thee."

There was one condition of success—we must "approach the Lord with an honest heart."

"Pray," said Mrs. Booth, "not out of *full lips*, but from a *full heart*. Utter just the simple language of the soul. Life is short. The time for meetings will soon be over, then we must appear before our Judge."

Then followed a mighty volume of united song-prayer,

"While God came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

Brigadier de Barritt,

in prayer, petitioned for "an extraordinary manifestation of Thy power to sanctify. There may be souls here that have had a secret conflict of which the world knows nothing. Like broken vessels they have come. Thou art here to bless such."

Staff-Captain Streeton,

in prayer, said we were there with sails outspread waiting for the heavenly breeze, and after events proved that he caught a good share of the gale.

Major Complin lined out next, song 160,

"Love divine, from Jesus flowing."

Taking up the last couplet, Mrs. Booth quoted—

"Only asking
More and more of love's supply,

and begged all to sing, because "you will have to sing with us in the Celestial City, and may as well commence now."

Mrs. Booth, referring to the equal position the Army gives to women, said, "Women may not always have as much brain power as men, but they have quite as much heart.

St. Therese

was laughed at for attempting a great work with only three ducats, but St. Therese made answer that with God and her three ducats there was nothing but what she could do. And even a woman," continued Mrs. Booth, "can do all things through Christ Who strengthens her." And amongst the all things was the conducting of that holiness meeting.

Those wrong in heart would be miserable if they disobeyed the light. We were exhorted to come to Christ as we are.

"I claim a heart like thine,"

was sung, then half a dozen persons were speedily on their feet to be first amongst those who would speak for Christ.

Ensign Fritt,

who spoke with much power, and who Mrs. Booth pleasantly characterised as "hallelujah express, because she speaks so fast," said she desired to say to Jesus, "Thank you." The one ambition of her life was to do His will and with that aim her experience was full of hallelujah sunshine. When the Ensign had first sought the full measure of divine love the comrade who dealt with her told her that all kinds of dreadful things were in the future, but she rejoiced that not one of them had come. With her it was rather a state of "I delight to do Thy will, O God."

Mrs. Booth led on with a whirl of song after this, in which cornets, piano and voices seemed to vie with each other for mastery.

Captain Garrett

declared himself to have become a vessel clean for the Master's use.

Captain Hurtable

gave God the glory for saving and cleansing him.

A sister said she couldn't praise Christ enough for the greatness of His work in her.

Adjutant Miller

rejoiced in a no condemnation experience—while to him the consciousness of cleansing implied implicit obedience. The devil had told him when, years ago, he started to serve God that he would have a terrible time; but it hadn't yet come.

A brother not in Salvation Army uniform, probably a stranger, said he was glad to be there. When, years ago, in his boyhood the "Queen's Own" and the "Tenth Regiment" went out to the Crimea it puzzled him to know how they would understand the language, but they told him that the troops there fought under the same Sovereign as the troops here, and they spoke all one *language*. He thanked God he understood the language of the soldiers in the Y. W. C. A. that night. He praised God for what He had done for him, viz.: pardoned his sins; and for what He had done in him, viz.: taken full possession.

Mother Florence

could not help the tears gushing from her eyes in gratitude for what God had done. Once her heart had been like those houses in the Old Land that are in chancery, and being left uncared for, present a generally dilapidated appearance, but now Jesus had brought that heart out of chancery, and lived there Himself.

"My noon-day walks He doth attend,
And all my midnight hours defend."

Ensign Cowan sang:

"I'm kneeling at the Cross,
Not fearing now the loss;
Which may befall,
By leaving all,
To follow Thee, my Lord."

"It is sweet," said the Ensign, "to have the knowledge of this grand fact in your own heart. At one time I think I would have gone to the stake for it, and yet it seemed impossible that I could ever have my heart's desire. At the end of my struggles I found I could do nothing, then I just handed myself over to Him. Then He TOUCHED me, and gave me a conscious full salvation, and if you will as utterly yield yourself to Him, asking Him in sincerity for His full salvation, He will say to you, 'Yes, be it so, my child, have it,' for in Him all the promises of God are yea and amen to them that BELIEVE."

Said a dear brother rising, "It is more than fifty years since the Lord pardoned my sins, and He has kept me in His favor ever since. I can best explain my position by using the words of the song:

'Jesus with me is united,
Doubtings and fears are all gone;
With Him now my soul is delighted,
I and King Jesus are One.'"

Commenting on the verse "Not My One," Mrs. Booth went on to say:

Paul called himself the "Slave of the Lord Jesus." We have a text in our bedroom, "And Christ pleased not Himself." It is only those who are broken, are some good in the world; but there are so many that are not willing to be broken.

When a horse is to be tamed, he at first kicks and struggles against the bit, but soon in time that he must give in to it, for the bit will never give in to his mouth. The Lord has sent some afflictions which have kicked against it instead of yielding to it, and accepting it as a means

Everything is sent to educate us and make us into saints. The disciples were only such great powers because they allowed Jesus to put something into them they had not got. Something, however, must come out of your heart before He can put something in. The old rubbish must go. Shall we have some heart-cleansing to-night?. Shall we pull the curtains back and allow the light into our hearts. We want something more than *spring cleaning*. We want some heart-cleansing. It is no good to have black hearts living in white houses. We are hastening to the Bar of God. Our actions will meet us there. Every word and thought we shall have to give account of. Oh, to understand what our personal responsibility and influence means.

My text to-night is this:—"Therefore I say unto you, whatsoever things you desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—FAITH, FAITH, FAITH.

Oh, I am so glad it is not written there, "Whatsoever ye believe ye feel, you shall receive."

Feeling is the poorest religion there is. What are you desirous the Lord should do for you?

The young man who came to Jesus calling Him, "Good," was sentimental. He would not do what Jesus told him. To love Jesus is to do your duty, whether it means patching the clothes, and minding the baby, or cooking the dinner, to do it as unto the Lord. If this was our motto, to do everything as unto the Lord, we should have no more dishonesty. The seamstresses and tailors would make those seams that are not seen quite as strong as those that are. God does not care how your religion looks outwardly; what He cares for is what it is in itself. Do you bring your religion down to your business

Behind the Counter?

How do you do your work? Do you do it in a hasty, slovenly manner? There is a Dutch proverb that says some have a conscience through which you can gallop with a carriage and pair, but my conscience is getting narrower day by day. You can build on a wrong foundation. You may build on mud, but unless you build on the rock it will not stand. Is your service acceptable to the Lord? What is your work? I don't ask you how many meetings you attend. What is your daily work? Does your religion come into every detail there? If so when you go to the meeting at night and pray, and sing, and talk, you shall have some souls? Why? Because your life backs it up. The Judgment Day is coming. Some of us will tremble, I am sure, but to those who are seeking to serve Him, let me say, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

If we want to get to heaven we must win the battle, persevere to the end, and be faithful unto death. It is the last step of the race. If you miss the last step you lose everything. People think the consecration of yesterday will do for to-day.

Some of you have no power; your religion is all in your head; you have something that won't stand; you are not going up, but slowly sinking. Now, I want to give the invitation, "Whosoever will, let him come up higher." Can I at this moment be clean? Can such a miracle be done in my heart at this moment that that bad temper, that jealous disposition, that evil tendency can be cleansed, etc.

Such had been the blessed and holy influence that pervaded the meeting that unwittingly to us the time had fled, and it was quite late, but we united in singing Colonel Pearson's grand old song,

"Oh, Thou God of every nation,"

and then dispersed, running over with blessing and felicity.

Mrs. Booth was sustained with a very large number of Staff officers' wives and lassie officers.

My Preferences.

I like the internal workings of the Salvation Army, because they are

So Practical.

I admire a religion that will lend a helping hand to the poor and the helpless. We want a religion that reaches out to the poor and needy.

What is the use of a religion that will not touch the starving multitudes, and lift them from the gutters of despair?

What is the use of ceremonies, except they are supported by honesty of purpose and purity of heart?

What is the use of a doctrine offered to men, women and children who are starving for something to eat?

In short, what is the good of religion at all where charity is not the leader?—where charity, the greatest of Christian graces, is not foremost in it all?

If Christians would *do* more than *say*, methinks we should soon have

A Fairer World

to live in—less of misery, and more of happiness; less of poverty, and more of prosperity; less of rotten pride, and more of honest, manly beauty; less of cant and hypocrisy, and more of trueness and reality.

THE RAMBLER.

WESTERN PROVINCE.

MAJOR READ.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—TWELVE MORE FOR JESUS. God is crowning our labors with success. During the past two weeks, TWELVE SOULS have ventured out on the promises.

Sunday was a beautiful day with us, as usual. Soldiers all on fire and believing for victory. Big crowds, who seem to be starving for reality, and who drink in every word, and although only TWO yielded at night, there were many who went away miserable. Praise the Lord for this. There is going to be a big smash in Portage. Jesus has promised us victory, and we are going in for it. Hallelujah. Yours for Jesus.—Sergeant W. F. CROCKFORD, Special Correspondent.

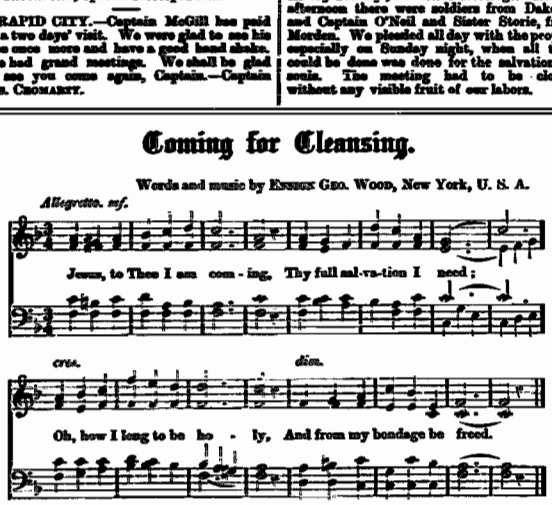
RAPID CITY.—Captain McGill has paid us a two days' visit. We were glad to see his face once more and have a good hand shake. We had grand meetings. We shall be glad to see you come again, Captain.—Captain JAS. CROMARTY.

VANCOUVER.—Easter Sunday here opened bright and cheerless, and forty-three turned up for knee-drill. Captain Rennie has said farewell to Vancouver. At night, when the power of God was present to heal, to kill, and to make alive, FIVE MEN, who were dead in trespasses and sins, stepped out to the penitent-form.—ELI HIGGINS.

EMERSON.—"Gathering of the Clans." Such was the heading of the bills which were got out to announce the special meetings which were to be held on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of March, ending with a banquet and wedding. Saturday in the Town Hall, and all day Sunday; beautiful meetings. In the afternoon there were soldiers from Dakota, and Captain O'Neil and Sister Storie, from Morden. We pleaded all day with the people, especially on Sunday night, when all that could be done was done for the salvation of souls. The meeting had to be closed without any visible fruit of our labors.

Coming for Cleansing.

Words and music by ESSEX GEO. WOOD, New York, U. S. A.



Down at Thy Cross I am kneeling,
This inbred sin now remove;
Doubtings and fears from me banish,
Fill all my soul with Thy love.

There, on the Altar I'm laying
All that is dearest to me;
Talents and time now I'm off'ring,
Thine own forever to be.

Now, Lord, by faith, and not feeling,
This precious blessing I claim;
Oh, grant me power to go forward,
Trusting alone in Thy Name.

FIVE CLAIMED the blessing; two backsliders returned: going in for desperate time.—Cadet HANNA.

Together with Captain McGill, I went twenty miles to see a sick man. Meeting in farm house; thirteen present; Jesus very near. TWO ASKED TO BE PRAYED FOR.—Cadet WILKINS.

CARBERRY.—We rejoice over THREE SOULS surrendering to the striving of God's Spirit. One young man, the other night, came to our meeting under the influence of drink, but left the meeting soon to return with another of his companions, who could barely walk. When we went into the prayer meeting, this young man cried to God for mercy, and arose from his knees a sober and, to all appearance, a sensible man, and gave a satisfactory testimony to the knowledge of sins forgiven, with a desire to live and serve God.—Lieutenant GIBSON.

BRANDON GARRISON.—Praise God, we have had victory. TWO POOR, SIN-BURDENED SOULS, one a backslider, found deliverance through the Blood.—Cadet ARTHUR WILKINS.

Monday morning dawned bright and beautiful, which was to be the day of all days to at least two people. Ensign Rawlings came along in the afternoon from Winnipeg to perform the marriage ceremony, which was the first in Manitoba, under the amended Marriage Act. Shortly after five o'clock a good crowd sat down to well-spread tables. There were people from Juliette, Prattford, Carlisle, Ridgeville, and Morden, and last, but not least, was the people of Emerson, who turned out in earnest to the meetings. Ensign Rawlings had charge, and read the Articles of Marriage; after which, BROTHER O. CARON and SISTER DORA PURDY stood to their feet to be joined for God and the war. We trust that their lives shall be even more useful now than in the past. Captain O'Neil supported the groom, while Sister Storie was bridesmaid.

A good crowd went to the Town Hall again for the ten-cent supper, where there was plenty for everybody. Never has it been my privilege to attend a more successful banquet, especially when we consider the financial depression in the country. Everything went off without a hitch. We give all the glory to God.

On Tuesday we started for a trip around the circle. Arrived at Juliette in time for the tea which the friends and soldiers had provided in the school-house. (This is the place for a banquet, for all that has to be done is to say there will be a social on such a day, and they all come with their baking, and the whole family, from the oldest to the youngest.)

The meeting was to be a special one, as there were five babies to be dedicated. We pray that the parents may have grace and wisdom given them to train those little ones for the Kingdom.

On Wednesday, we drove to Prattford, where another baby was presented to the Lord for His service.

Thursday, at Carlisle. Such a fine lot of young men and boys, who, if they were only saved, would make the best of soldiers.—C.R.

VICTORIA, B.C.—On Saturday night one, who had brought condemnation on his own soul, came to the place where all wrongs are put right. Ensign Hilts led all day Sunday, assisted by Captain Patton. At night ONE, who has been under deep conviction, surrendered to God, and was set free.

THIRTEEN BANDSMEN were commissioned by Ensign on Monday night, also SIXTEEN SERGEANTS. A large number of these are set apart for the WARD VISITING, and we are believing that much good will be done.—ANNIE E. REILLY, Special Correspondent.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge 50 cents for two advertisements (25 cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The *fullest possible particulars* should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delays and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HERMANN H. BOOTH, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

NOTE.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep us *posted in the event of changing their address*. This is most important.

1292 **Watson, Michael C.** Left home two years ago next August. Last heard from about six months ago, then in Oakfield, New York. Supposed now to be in Black Rock, Buffalo. He is a blacksmith and carriage maker by trade; 21 next June; tall, good-looking; fair, blue eyes; high forehead, bald spot on back of his head. Mother is very anxious. Address Mrs. Watson, 1 Robert place, Treffan St., Toronto. U. S. *Crys* please copy.

1294 **French, John T.** Left London, Eng., on July 3rd for Montreal. His wife received a letter from Quebec and afterwards heard on October 1st from Ottawa. He was then working at a Mr. G. Matthews of York Street. He is about 30 years of age; height 5 ft. dark curly hair and moustache; brown eyes. His wife is very anxious for news.

1295 **Moore, Richard James.** Last address Stoney Island P.O., Manitoba. He is supposed to be working on a farm for Mr. Mackenzie in that neighborhood. Age about 27, fair sandy moustache and beard; scar on his eye. His brother William is very anxious to hear from him.

1296 **McMartin, James.** Aged 30; low set; oval features; fair hair; grey blue eyes. In 1880 he left St. Andrews, Quebec. Last heard of five years ago when he was working in Scottsville, U. S. A. Employed in Iron Bridge Building. Any one knowing or having known any thing of his whereabouts, please write to his sister Maggie McMartin, Cote Demodic, St. Andrews East, Quebec.

1297 **Humphreys, E. H.** Who left London, England, in 1886. When last heard from was in Ringwood, Markham, Ont. Aged 24. Information earnestly desired by his sister Miss P. Humphreys. General P.O. Montreal.

1298 **Mackinsey, William.** Formerly a Soldier of the Centre Street Corps about four years ago. Please send address or call at 201 Victoria Street at once.

1402 **Clarke, Mrs. Robert.** Native of Chandown, Somersetshire. Left London 26 years ago, and when last heard of 16 years ago, was living in Toronto. Height about 5 feet; dark eyes, and dark curly hair. Her husband is a watchmaker. Sister enquires. U. S *Crys* please copy.

1403 **Campbell, James.** Left Owen Sound for British Columbia about 10 years ago. Height 6 feet; dark hair, blue eyes; a scar on his cheek; age 36. Last heard from about ten years; he was employed by the Hudson's Bay Co. Medicine Hat P.O. If he will write to his father James Campbell, Owen Sound, he will hear something to his advantage. U. S. Crys please copy.

1404 **Taylor, William.** Widower, with two children. Last heard of in St. John, N.B. His sister, Mrs. Jones, 128 Quincy Street, Port Townsend, is anxious to hear from him. U.S. Crys please copy.

1307 **Webster, Eddie Ira.** Went to Vancouver, B.C. last November; born in New Westminster last January; 16 years old—large for his age—hair, dark-brown and inclined to curl; brown eyes, broad, full forehead; rather large mouth. His father is very sick. Northwest officers please do their utmost.

1406 **Blagborough, Archibald.** Left Bolton, Lancashire, England, 1870 for New York; worked for Mr. Blecker, Plainfield, New Jersey. Nothing heard of him since. Age 50; height 5 feet 11 inches; fair; brown eyes. Sister inquires. Address Mrs. D. Kennedy, Vancouver P. O., B. C.

1407 **Fulcher, George, *alias* George Stanley.** Native of Kings, Lynn, Norfolk, England. Last heard of in Sloane, Canada, where he was working on a railroad. Age about 52; medium height. His widowed mother very anxious. U. S. *Crys* please copy.

"Praise Him for His mighty acts: praise Him according to His excellent greatness.

"Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet: praise Him with the psaltery and harp.

"Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: praise Him with the stringed instruments and organs.

"Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."—PSALM CL. 2-6.

The Chief-of-the-Staff says he gets more attached to the drum the longer he lives. That's a healthy sign. It is a mark of faith. Quietness indicates death, and where death is there is no faith. Big faith and drums are well matched. Keep believing and drum away!

Winnipeg Band Tour.

The friends of the Army in several towns along the Bemblna branch, of the C.P.R., have several times made request that we send a detachment of the brass band, or the corps to give them a visit.

After being commissioned, thirteen of us left on a twelve days' trip to visit several corps and towns where we have not yet established a corps.

At MORDEN, we spent two days. We packed the Dufferin Hall, and had a good, lively time, with much music, singing, and dancing. Two ministers were present.

The next night we had the Methodist Church, where we had a good time, nevertheless. One minister was with us at this meeting.

We intended to give MANITOU a call, but were unable to secure train connections; however, we managed to give them an open-air meeting while the train stopped at the station.

Captain Lowry went with us to BOISSEVAIN, where we spent Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

We had a proper wind-up to the trip; TWENTY-TWO SOULS sought a clean heart and salvation, and it was a time of rejoicing, with dancing and great joy. Over FIFTY SOULS sought salvation and sanctification on this trip.

At our welcome home at Winnipeg on Monday, our No. II. brass band met us at the station with the corps. It isn't every corps that has two brass bands. The one on the trip was said to be the best in the North-West, and the one that stayed at home and helped to hold the fort, was the next best Salvation band in Manitoba.

A big soldiers' tea was held at the barracks on Tuesday night, at which the Brigadier presided.

"The Salvation Army brass band, which has been on a tour of the different Salvation Army barracks in the Province, returned home yesterday afternoon. A large delegation of soldiers met them at the C.P.R. station, and last evening a welcome home meeting was held in the Rupert Street barracks."—*Winnipeg Free Press.*—Bandmaster CANTLON and F. E. S.

Musical Troupe on Tour.

Last week, our report ended at ORILLIA. From there we went to COLDWATER, where the Lord helped us. The hall was well filled, and the people full of sympathy. They gave us twelve dollars to help roll on the War.

Then on to MIDLAND for Saturday and Sunday. Good crowd on Saturday, and one soul at the finish, who was also in evidence next day, and gave her testimony.

Sunday, good times; people very kind, and another soul at night. May they go right on.

Then WYEBRIDGE for Monday night. This place and Coldwater are both brigades of the Midland Circle. How these dear country people take us to their hearts, and we enjoy ourselves to our heart's content.

From Wyebridge, we go back to MIDLAND for the night, then next day we drive twenty-one miles to CRAIGHURST. There is no permanent corps here yet, but a few soldiers live right handy, and although they have no Army meetings to attend, God is keeping them true.

We landed after our drive, cold and hungry; but with the blazing wood fire, and a right good tea, we were all right again. Started to walk to the hall. The night was pitch-dark, but after sundry stumbles, and running into one or two posts, etc., we got there, and had a beautiful time. Hall full. Everyone intensely interested.

Next day we drove to STROUD for our second visit, and if anything, this was better than the first. Oh, how the people sang, and they put in their parts grand. We thought as we listened to them, how much the Commandant would like to hear them.

I must not forget to say that Mrs. Turner, and Baby Ruth, and Captain Sims, went with us from Barrie, and Captain Barr had arranged a nice little tea with the soldiers in the barracks, which we very much enjoyed. God bless our Stroud comrades, and abundantly reward them for their kindness to us.

On to BARRIE for Thursday. Here, the meeting went itself almost; everyone fell in line so nicely.

Friday morning, at nine a.m., finds us again mounting the rig for a fifteen-mile drive to RUSSELTOWN; it was a beautiful morning, and our hearts praised God for the privilege of playing for Him. Brother Myles lives here, and is the only Salvationist in the neighborhood. He was quite cheered by our visit.

This was our last visit in the Barrie District, and it was indeed a good finish. The people sat to the last, and even when the meeting was closed, seemed reluctant to leave the hall.

Ensign TURNER has been with us right around the District, and has indeed been most kind; also the dear people who have taken us into their homes, and been so good to us, have our heartiest thanks. God bless the Barrie District.

Since leaving Toronto, we have seen just A DOZEN SOULS SAVED, and RAISED NEARLY ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Hallelujah!—MRS. ENSIGN PHILLIPS.

"STOP THAT NOISE!"

[*From the "Ram's Horn."*]

THE TEMPLE CORPS was favored with a visit from Major Complin, the WAR CRY Editor, on Sunday, April 1st. The morning meeting was preceded by an open-air meeting, which was a good pitch in at the devil, and put us all in proper trim for a real good time. Holiness meeting: the Major's comment on Romans xii. 12 was enjoyed by all.

The afternoon meeting, to use the Major's own words, "was a bouncer." Lots of Salvation life, with a Newfoundland jig thrown in.

The Major sang, accompanied by his banjo, the famous song,

"Me join 'em,"

which always takes the crowd by storm.

At 6:30 we met again to prepare for the night's battle, brothers taking one stand for an open-air, the sisters another.

Captain Morris sang a Salvation song, accompanying himself on his banjo. The Major then read and spoke from Isaiah ix. 6. One sister came forward and accepted Christ.

Major sang

"It's Army, quite Army, you know,"

which was enjoyed by all, especially the part about the gents wearing hard hats, which was not Army, you know.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

RIVERSIDE. — Our band went over to Richmond Street, and Captain Savage fetched some of his warriors here, and reported ONE SOUL, a backslider, who turned out on Sunday in full uniform.

On Saturday night the devil got a good thrashing. ONE POOR DRUNKARD came to the penitent-form and got saved; ANOTHER FOLLOWED HIM, a poor tramp on his way to Montreal; he goes on his way rejoicing.

Our knee-drill on Sunday was the best since coming here—fourteen present. Good meetings all day. TWO SOULS at night, making FIVE SINCE THURSDAY NIGHT. Devils are being cast out; soldiers red-hot; everything on the up grade, and Riverside corps is going up, up, up. Give to Jesus glory.—Cadet S. REDBURN for Captain and Mrs. ANDREWS.

(Mrs. Andrews to the front afternoon and night, Sunday.)

HALIFAX I.—The musical meeting, which was repeated on Monday night, was well attended, and was quite a treat. The Staff-Captain and wife gave their farewell in this meeting, and after the soldiers' meeting, on Wednesday night, a farewell supper was given by the soldiers. It was quite a surprise to the Staff-Captain. May the Lord bless them! On Thursday night ONE SOUL CAME BACK to the fold, and on Saturday night TWO MORE knelt at the mercy-seat. Good meetings on Sunday, and TWO SOULS (husband and wife) seeking pardon in the night meeting.—Sergeant-Major CASSIN.

LITTLE YORK.—Received orders to assist Captain and Mrs. Andrews at Riverside.

On Sunday I went to Little York. After a tramp of about four miles I arrived at this famous battleground. I strapped on the big drum and sallied forth alone. On returning to the barracks I found no one there. After a while six little juniors came marching in, so I spoke to them, and expounded to them the Scriptures. I asked God's blessing on the children.—Cadet S. REDBURN.

WINNIPEG.—Holiness meeting, soul-stirring time, and three out for cleansing. Afternoon, everybody alive, but the night beat all; barracks packed; EIGHT OUT FOR SALVATION; soldiers had hold of God; we saw dancing, and heard weeping, laughing and shouting as one after another came out. The unsaved were highly interested, and clapped as their chums came forward, and we heard from the lips of one that he never enjoyed the ball-room as well as that meeting.

Just recently three or four young men collected $10 towards our wood bill. We think them not far from the Kingdom.—Captain LOWRY.

CALGARY.—Still they come. Who? The sinners. Where? To Jesus to be saved. Since last report SIX SOULS have come, and are now standing for Christ. On Wednesday night we had a brother's meeting, and on Thursday night a sister's meeting. At the sister's meeting the officers took the drum. The hall was well filled.—Lieutenant KAUF for Captain COWAN.

OLD PELICAN, N. F.—God has, by His mighty power, delivered TWO MORE PRECIOUS SOULS from the thraldom of sin, one of them being a dear brother who came to our holiness meeting on Friday night, groaning under the galling yoke of bondage but returned right out while we were singing the second song, and came through happy.

In our knee-drill on Sunday morning we had a most wonderful time. While singing,

"Here I give my all to Thee,"

TWO dear brothers came out of the wilderness up into bright Canaan, and are now professing sanctification.—Sergeant HIBBS for Captain CAMPBELL.

WHITBY.—Sunday meetings were times of blessing. God was with us. Large crowds, and the best collections for a long time. One of the converts, who used to roll the streets drunk, now marches and plays the drum for Jesus. There is a great change in his life, and who knows it better than his wife!—Captain WOOLLAM.

Hallelujah Wedding at Emerson.

The first Salvation Army wedding in Manitoba, since the passing of the Act granting the Salvation Army the power to perform this happy ceremony, was conducted by your humble servant on Monday, at Emerson.

The streets of Emerson were made to ring with the songs of salvation. On reaching the church where the wedding ceremony was to take place, we found it full to the door. The meeting started with a grand old war song. Then the bridal party arrived. After the volleys had subsided, we settled down to a real Salvation meeting. It is now time for the wedding, and your humble servant read out to the contracting parties the conditions on which the Salvation Army consented to marry them. They readily consented. The bride was supported by Sergeant Storie, and the groom by Captain O'Neill. The "I Wills" were heartily given, and Owen Caron and Dora Purdy were pronounced man and wife. They are both good, blood-and-fire soldiers, and wore the Salvation Army full uniform. The bride hails from Sault Ste Marie, Michigan, and the groom from Joliette, N. D. Owen Caron and Mrs. Caron both had a word of testimony, and we went into a prayer meeting.

We again retire to the Town Hall, where there was a supper. We all went home happy.—Ensign RAWLING.

Trip Around the Lindsay District.

Off to ORMERIE with a good horse, so we were not long in reaching the Sergeant-Major's. We had a word with Captain and Mrs. Dyker about the war. Then a good, stirring, open-air meeting just put us in trim for our inside meeting.

The dear comrades, who have been fighting here for so many years, were ready to bear testimony to the power of God to save and keep.

Ensign Ayre kept things lively with proper Salvation Army choruses.

The Staff-Captain soloed, accompanying himself on the guitar. Then he commissioned the local officers.

What a pull we did have in that prayer meeting before those TWO PRECIOUS SOULS surrendered, but when they were willing, God came to their assistance.

Keep marching on, my dear ORMERIE comrades. Get down on both knees in the prayer

meeting, then with prayer in faith, souls shall be saved.

Shall I ever forget that dark drive to the sergeant-major's? No, never. It was impossible even to see the horse. I was expecting we would be thrown into the ditch every minute; no doubt we would have been had it not been for the sergeant-major's white handkerchief hanging from the back of his wagon to pilot the way.

May God grant that those of us who have taken the name of Jesus shall always keep the white flag of purity in sight, so that every poor wanderer in the darkness of sin shall see, and also be piloted right through.

After a long drive behind the divisional war horse, we arrived at FENELON FALLS. This is a nice little town, with a nice barracks, and beautiful corps. Capt. and Mrs. Wiseman are getting along nicely here. I had the pleasure of dedicating their dear little baby to God.

Jesus lifted, draws the crowd at FENELON FALLS, as well as every other place. A good crowd stood round to listen to the truth as we formed our open-air ring.

The inside meeting was well attended. One dear man got on his knees in the audience, but the devil told him that God would save him without giving up his tobacco, yet he believed it was filthy.

Another long drive over a very rough road brings us to KINMOUNT. This is the land of rocks and saw mills. Our comrades hold on nobly in the fight here. I had the pleasure of seeing Lieutenant Butler, an old Training Home boy. He is holding the fort while the Captain is having a much-needed rest. We had a good crowd to our meeting.

Next day, after a drive of thirty-eight miles, we arrive again at LINDSAY, where we had a most profitable holiness meeting, which finished my trip in the Lindsay District.

I then proceeded to OSHAWA, where I met my old comrades in the war—Captain Banks and Lieutenant Tucker. Our meetings were well attended by a class of people who paid every attention to the story of the Cross. On Sunday night we had the joy of seeing a sister come with her sins to the fountain. Praise God.—Staff-Captain JEWER.

Central Ontario Notes.

A copy of the Orders and regulations for local officers has been sent to every treasurer and secretary of the Province. Attention has been drawn to the census meeting that must be held once a month. Every field and local officer is responsible to see that this is held without fail or exception.

The Junior work is spreading on every hand and side, companies or classes are being commenced on all sides, teachers or company sergeants are coming to the front, in every corps these meetings are to be held and a local sergeant must be appointed who is responsible to see that they are continued.

The united soldiers' council at Lippincott, Tuesday, should and shall be a time of great blessing; the duties, privileges and obligation of a soldier's life will be dealt with, mind you are there. Date, May 1; time of tea, six to seven; five cents; meeting will start right after tea. Come in the spirit of prayer.

The Brigadier and Staff-Captain are determined to try and visit every soldier in the Province, whether they will be able to carry out that program remains to be seen. Anyhow, there is nothing like a good try, and they are in for that anyway.

The Commandant has instructed the Brigadier to rally up everybody for the June meetings; according to our view of matters it will be difficult to keep away any Salvationist that can make it possible to be there. Ah, that will be the time, waves of blessing, and we shall believe for showers of souls.

Now, who votes for a trip to the Falls this summer? Why don't you have a trip there, is the cry on every hand and side. Well, you keep believing, get your lunch baskets mended, get your ticket money booked and reckoned that you are as good as there, D. V.

Queen's birthday will find us well prepared. Hamilton will have a real united go. The following Corps are down to be there: Oakville, Dundas, St. Catharines, Welland, Niagara Falls, and all that can get.

Toronto corps will all unite at the Temple for one of the biggest things to date. Brampton will join hands with their city comrades; our country cousins from the country will be welcome.

Barrie can do a good thing all the time. You look out for the Queen's birthday, there will be a rising of the dead bones and a rattling among those that are alive and kicking. God bless Barrie.

How does the soul-saving work continue? Good, bless God; nay, just beautiful, hardly a letter to hand that does not speak of some sinner coming to the Cross. Praise God.

Let us rise with the rising tide, let all seek a deeper work of grace, more love for God, for dying souls, and God will send the showers of blessing. Now, my comrades, to the throne, one and all to the throne.

Are there not people in the Central Ontario Province who can help us with some musical instrument? Many of our officers are without these, they could make good use of them; why not send them along quick. Address Brigadier de Barritt, Lippincott Street, city.

Where are the Tambourines? Yes, where. No instrument more scriptural, none of more service to break down formality, keep you humble and little in your own sight. Help the voice, in fact, save it every time, let every officer encourage his people to bring out this useful article, and the best way to do it is, to play one yourself.

The Brigadier enrolled three soldiers at Lippincott in the open-air; it is getting quite an institution now to enroll folks in the open-air; it is there we shall have to do the brunt of our fighting, we are almost left alone to the streets, we seldom meet any of God's workers there. Let us stick to the streets. Are you a street soldier?

What about the uniform, do we recognize its importance as we should, are their officers that allow people to sit on the platforms that are not only without uniform, but even in worldly dress. This is wrong, very wrong, and can only have one result.

No person should sit on our platform whose dress is inconsistent with the profession of a Salvationist, and every soldier should know and feel that it is their duty to wear uniform. Let us be a faithful people, and not make compromises with that which is wrong.

The Singing Troupe are still singing away, and have sung quite a good sum into the Corps' exchequer, and have seen souls saved. Praise God. In one corps they sold over fifty WAR CRYS in a day in the streets. That's the way to sing WAR CRY, WAR CRY. God bless the Company of Singers.—AMICUS.

Barrie District.

We have just completed a tour with Mrs. Ensign Phillips and her Toronto Songsters, through this District, which has been a very good success, both spiritually and financially.

The Troupe has been a blessing to the District, and besides the spiritual results obtained, have been the means of raising over $80, which goes to the different corps.

Our District returns for March are more encouraging, being a good increase over the month of February. Here are a few District figures:

Number of prisoners, twenty-eight; hours visiting by Captains, 244½; Lieutenants, 120; WAR CRYS sold, 1,106; number open-airs held, ninety-seven; total open-air attendance, 1,019; number at 7 a.m.; total indoor attendance, 10,442; total cartridge call, $27.77; total income, $188.65.

The Juniors have also had a better share of of attention, [illegible] being the afternoon attendance for month. The soldiers' rolls have gone up from 144 to 160, with twelve recruits still remaining on the recruits' roll.

Barrie is still holding her own, and a few souls are coming to God. On a recent Sunday, EIGHT SOULS came out, and the majority of these are taking their stand as Salvationists.

Lieutenant Sims, of District Headquarters, has developed into a Captain.

Orillia has got their new barracks well under way, and it promises to be a fine affair—a worthy acquisition to the town.

Captain Heift has not been feeling very well of late, but otherwise the work there is gaining ground.

The COLDWATER folks are very anxious we should make that place into a Circle Corps, and again send officers there. Just recently, an ex-officer came to the penitent-form from here, and is doing splendidly.

MIDLAND has just had an ENROLMENT of RECRUITS. Stand true to God and the Salvation Army, and the Lord will cause you to triumph.

Sergeant C. Reynolds, of SIMCOE, has had a visitation of diptheria at his home, part of his family being stricken down. However, my dear comrades, you can rest assured the Lord is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

Captain Barr tells me he is very much in love with Canada, and enjoys the fight fine, although he seldom has one cent to rub against another.

In answer to a number of enquiries re camp meetings, I might say we are trying to arrange with the concurrence of the Brigadier to have a series of camp meetings at Big Bay Point, about the first of July, for the northern half of the Central Ontario Province.

Now, to all concerning, make up your mind to be present. More again.—ENSIGN TURNER.

——— (?).—Monday night had been announced as a special musical time. It really can be termed as being superb. Everything went off amazingly well.

The band boys sang a song collectively, each one singing their separate verse. It went well. Soldiers followed, and also some instrumental music, among which might be named a trio, or what you like to call it, by Ensign Galt, with guitar, Lieutenant Bearchell, with autoharp, and Lieutenant Morris with banjo. You should have been there to fully understand how these three blended. Then we had the bagpipes on the tin whistle, and joined in the chorus, mouth-organ and autoharp, and so on and so forth, and wound up with a COUPLE MORE IN THE FOUNTAIN. Praise God.

——— (?).—We had the indescribable pleasure of welcoming Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs. A beautiful crowd assembled at No. I., and if you could have seen the smiling faces and heard the volleys that were fired, you would have said that the people of St. John had a warm place in their hearts for Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs. Fairville band was in attendance, and rendered good music, and altogether we had a very enjoyable time.—Captain L. PENNY.

The Blenheim band boys kept things lively with lots of Salvation Army music, and most everyone finished up at the after ten-cent supper in the basement. A nice sum of money was raised, which went towards repairing the local barracks.

CHATHAM.—Sunday night, THREE SOULS SAVED.

The Chatham weekly *Banner* has been converted into a daily paper. This paper has always been a good friend to the Salvation Army, and I'm sure we all wish it success.—G. MILLER, District Officer.

George, of Bowmanville.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

There is a Divinity shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
—SHAKSPERE.

"I've bin nearly drowned three times."

So spake John George, in our little chat. I was at once on *qui vive*.

"Tell us about it, Brother George."

"Well, first at Montreal. (His countenance became animated with the remembrance.) I was walking along the wharf, which was constructed of big square logs. I did not notice that one of them was short at the end, and as I went tripping along I reached that short end and unwittingly stepped out into space, just for a second, then down I plunged into the cold waters of the St. Lawrence. I suppose they heard me shout; anyway, some men hauled me out with a rope; then, after they had tipped me up and emptied the water out of me, I was put into my bunk for a few days.

ship swung round obedient to her helm, but not soon enough to avert the catastrophe. There was a terrific thud, a crash, and a grinding of great timbers, then heeling half over she lay exposed to the full fury of the tremendous waves that broke in foaming fury on that hidden reef. While the water poured in through the gaping aperture the crash on rock had caused, the deck was swept again and again by the angry waves which rolled in on the ship with tireless repetition.

In the confusion and commotion that followed, it was every man for himself; while the cries of the children were piteous.

George says: "I didn't feel a bit alarmed. I took up a wood-chopper to try and cut away the ropes, and let the masts go, but it had been used for breaking coal, and only bruised where it should have cut."

"Where's your axe, carpenter?"

"Down in the hold, George."

"Well, fetch it man."

"I can't, the casks are loose, and banging from side to side, every time she rolls. You go." "Not I," says George; "go yourself, you know where it is."

"Oh, what shall we do?"

"Do," replied George; "do like they do in France, the best they can."

Thrown then on his own resources, the carpenter at a great risk managed to crawl down to the hold, where the axe had been left. On his return, George, with a few strokes, cut away the tacklings, and immediately the great masts, which, at the time of the collision, had borne all the canvas the ship could spread, gave way.

The captain and chief officer had done what little they could to encourage the passengers, but the outlook was certainly very dark; all the boats but one were carried away by the breakers, or the falling masts; the ship was being swamped every minute, and daylight would not arrive for some hours.

"But that narrow escape did not soften my heart. The second time, off the coast of Spain, I was hurled from the ship's jib-boom, and in falling caught a rope which was hanging over the bow.

"The third time, I was returning to my ship from a spree ashore, and as the vessel was lying pretty near the landing-stage I thought I would walk as far as possible and then haul myself along on the rope by which she was moored to the quay. The tide, however, had come up, drifting the vessel nearer land, and consequently the rope was slack. I couldn't swim, and though I had hold of the rope I kept sinking. I cried as best I could for help. On the third time of rising I was gripped by some men who had put off in a boat, and for the third time my life was spared."

Brother George's greatest adventure was when the vessel in which he was sailing from Melbourne *en route* for Singapore struck on Kane's reef, a reef at that time not marked on the charts, or at least, not on theirs. It was the sail-maker's watch. He, foolishly, was asleep at his post.

"What's that white foam ahead?" cried the mate, in somewhat anxious tones, as he came down to the ship's forecastle.

"Only the moon shining on the water," growled the sleepy-headed sail-maker in an ugly mood for being brought to duty.

"Sail-maker, sail-maker," cried the mate, "you've done wrong."

Then shouting at the top of his voice to the man at the wheel, "Hard aport, hard aport," he ran aft to give fresh orders. But the sail-maker's neglect was discovered too late. The

At last the morning dawned. Looking round, they saw how complete had been the ruin of their vessel. The sheep and pigs were all drowned, the vessel dismantled, and past repairing, while the nearest land was some hundreds of miles away. The reef they they could now see by the white breakers, extended some miles further, while the now receding tide left them comparatively safe; and then, happy sight, about a hundred yards off, was a patch of coral, which, apparently was never quite covered by the tide.

The captain ordered the sailors to man the little boat, and take the women and children there. While putting across the intervening water, they found it sufficiently shallow in some parts to wade through. It was not long ere the whole twenty-eight unhappy men, women, and children, were on the rock. But a new danger presented itself; they had no water to drink, and no food. The nearest land four hundred miles, so far as they could judge, was inhabited by cannibals, and they had no boat large enough to get there, while the chances of being taken off the rock by a passing ship, were very faint.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT had the life of Jesus been to us if we had only the records of His sermons, without the record of His going about doing good?

ERRATUM.

Please make Port Arthur knee-drill 113 instead of 94. E. F. S.

CONTRIBUTIONS CONDENSED.

A Rough Road and a False Pilot.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY MAQUINISTA.

A young man was sent by a kind master on a very long journey. His instructions were to keep on the straight road, no matter what obstacles appeared. He was also told he would have great difficulties to overcome; forests, rivers, and mountains would obstruct his progress. But if he kept his eye fixed on the light that would be continually in sight, and which would guide him to the end of the journey; all would be well, obstacles would be overcome, obstructions would disappear, and in spite of the seeming

Wild Ruggedness,

and barren loneliness of the country through which he must pass just as long as he pressed forward, regardless of consequences, all would be bright, joyous, and peaceful.

His needs would be supplied as they occurred, and on his arrival in the city, which it was so important he should reach, he would be rewarded according to his obedience.

The young man started out full of good intentions, and for a while went along beautifully; but after a few days' travel, the road suddenly became dark, rough, and thorny. A deep and

Rapid River

appeared.

The dangers of which filled him with dismay; and while meditating on the difficulty of crossing, the whole of the country on the opposite bank slowly changed its geographical formation. Dense forests, impossible of access, appeared, having in the background extensive ranges of impassable mountains. The sight appalled him, and as he stood halting and trembling, estimating the possibility or impossibility of advancing, he forgot the light, and entirely lost sight of it.

Whereupon his courage disappeared, and he fell completely overcome by the seeming hopelessness of the situation.

At the same time he saw

A Man Approaching,

who seemed to be a quiet, inoffensive, and pleasant individual, whom we will call by his Spanish name, Vicio.

The new-comer greeted the young man cheerfully, and advised him to leave that road, as it was neither necessary nor practicable, to go by so dangerous and difficult a route, and as he, Vicio, was going the same way, he proposed they should travel together, as he knew a very easy and

Pleasant Way

on which they might have a very comfortable and enjoyable time, and they would reach the city just the same. The young man agreed it should be so, and at once turned off the straight road, accepting Vicio as pilot.

For a time everything was as Vicio had promised, and they had a real good time as they went along; still the young man was by no means satisfied.

His companion began to assume a little command over him, infering that the young man could not do without him.

Then the road was not so bright as it at first appeared, and he found himself full of

Aches and Pains,

and a dull stupor gradually stole upon him, that made him careless and reckless as to the future. This was due to a certain kind of malaria, only to be found in the country through which they were journeying. His memory, however, was acute in some things, though impaired in others, and the recollection of his disobedience was a curse to him, and many times caused him to shed bitter tears, especially as the road got worse.

(To be continued.)

Get Safe for the Port of Glory.

BY CAPTAIN BOWERING, ONCE SKIPPER OF THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

WHILE READING THE WAR CRY, my eyes fell on the words, "Safe in Port," the heading of some poetry by Captain F. Johnson. My mind was driven back to an October evening in 1885, on the Coast of Labrador.

It was a beautiful evening, not a ripple on the water; everything looked cheerful and bright. It was the time in the season when the Newfoundland fishermen should return home, after almost four months away. Just after night could be heard the rattling of chains, as the beautiful little schooner *Fleet* was being unmoored, everybody seemed cheerful to think that they were

Homeward Bound,

and that their friends at home they would soon see. The last chain was got in; the last anchor weighed, and the schooner put off the mouth of the harbor, expecting the next day, if the wind proved favorable, to sail for home.

The next day it was different, wind in on the land, which, though not much in the morning, increased as the day came on. Not being ready to go the first part of the day to another harbor for an outlet, the snow came on, which made it too thick to leave where they were; and as night came the wind still freshened.

Morning dawned, wind still going up. All through the day the wind kept on the increase, and just about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, a

Heavy Gust of Wind

and sea came together, which parted the two chains and the line of that beautiful little schooner, with its forty souls on board.

It wasn't long before she was to shore. The first thing to do was to cut the spars overboard, so that those on board might be saved.

On board that schooner, there was one upon whom my thoughts seemed to dwell most. It was a dear, white-headed old man, who had braved many a storm. On one occasion, his brother and he, while fishing on the south coast of Newfoundland in a large fishing boat, had been driven out to sea, through

A Fierce Storm

of wind from the land.

After getting out so far, they saw they couldn't get back.

They were forced to scud before the wind until it abated. Nobody expected to see them again.

On another occasion, while at the seal fishery, in a sailing vessel, he fell overboard, and went down between the vessel and the ice. It happened to be off from the side of the vessel at the time. Being a smart swimmer, he dived and came up on the weather-side and got saved.

But now, at last, he meets the storm.

He was seen standing on the top of the cabin, with his hand on the mainsail, saying to them:

"Take your time, you will all get ashore."

Had the schooner stayed as she was, they would have, but a big sea came, which lifted her again. Now she began to turn round, and while turning, the sea swept over her, taking away this dear old man, with fourteen others. Six more of the forty

Perished That Night,

leaving only nineteen survivors."

* * *

Sinner, you may have weathered many a storm; you may have come through the colliery explosions; you may have escaped with your limbs broken—some of you carrying marks with you even now that you received when you were at work.

As you look back to the time it happened, you can see

God's Hand

in it to bring you out with your life. That storm of diphtheria that swept over your town, entered your home perhaps, took half the family, but you escaped. Look out, a storm will soon come which will be too fierce; the sea too heavy for you to weather; all the storms of the past are just warnings for you to

Prepare

for the time when justice will take the place of mercy.

Don't you see the clouds rising, the storm increasing?

Get ready, so that when the chain that binds you to earth parts, you will be able to hoist your sails to the breeze, which will sweep you into

The Hallelujah Harbor,

safe into port.

Six Side Scenes in Social Warfare.

For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those that call them friends?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Obedience is Better than Sacrifice.

What a commonly quoted truth this is! How many fail to carry out its teachings.

If Christians would carry out the teaching of this text in the Spirit, sin and the devil would soon be driven from the earth.

God is a Spirit; those who worship Him must worship Him

In Spirit.

Those who would obey Him, must have the spirit of obedience. The first lesson a soldier should learn, is TO DO AS HE IS TOLD.

Those who are not willing to obey are not to command, is an old military maxim.

Some people as they gain experience and use in the ranks, get

Too Wise to Obey.

That passage which says a little child shall lead them, has no special attraction for them.

Loftier themes occupy their minds, and require their attention. They look back to their past simplicity, and unquestioning obedience, with a sense of pity, and thank God they are growing strong.

Disobedience and lack of confidence generally indicate

Shallowness of Soul.

Such people cannot always see the importance of self-denial. They feel that God spiritually leads them to look after their bodies. Others may suffer, may hunger, may thirst, but charity begins at home, and with them, ends at home.

They stay in the house; they read and pray. They try to cheer their dear comrades by such stirring songs as:

"When the fight's hard, we'll never give in;"

or,

"It is better on before."

Oh, for people who will obey God, who will listen to His voice, and

Promptly Go Forward

to do His will. When people learn the value of time, and how to best improve each minute of the twenty-four hours of each day, they will find out a means of getting out of debt, a channel through which they will be enabled to help forward the Kingdom of God, a means of keeping their minds clear, their physical powers in action, which will go a long distance towards keeping free from temptation to envy, malice, pride, and all kindred evils.

T. H. M.

LET US BE OUT-AND-OUT.

Some people try to say God does not want man to be holy; but it appears to me they may as well decide they will never see the Lord.

The man that is filled with the spirit of truth, finds the Bible shining, thrilling, and throbbing with the touch of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

But in order to be filled, we must be emptied of every bit of self.

Prepared Ground

is needed as well as the seed. When a man's heart is cleansed from sin, we shall be filled with the Holy Ghost power.

We read of men in the Old Testament who were filled with the Holy Spirit, the Scripture standing to prove this, for the men that wrote the Old Testament were moved by the Holy Ghost.

If it be that the Lord has shown you something you should give up, but you are trying to keep in the spirit, and

Still Disobey

the Lord, without a doubt you have lost the joy of your salvation, and you need to repent, and do your first work over.

I believe the Holy Ghost speaks direct to the heart of each one. He speaks to Philip and says, "Go." He speaks to Paul, and says, "Tarry," and again He says "Go."

Have you been purified? God says in His Word, "He will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be cleansed from

All Your Filthiness;"

a new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you," etc. I believe a man needs the Holy Spirit on the farm, as much as the preacher in the pulpit.

It is upon this stone the Lord is going to build His church.

H. BARNES.

"WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?"

This is a question that was asked by a young man who had been attending revival meetings held in the town where he lived.

"What is the difference between those

Tearful, Fearful Christians,

who get up to speak and do not seem to have anything to say only about how unfaithful they have been, and about their doubts and fears, and crooked paths and wanderings, drawing such a dismal picture of the Christian life that I would not lead for anything? But then again, right in the seat beside them is a bright, happy face, and when the owner of that face gets up to speak he speaks in

Such Glowing Terms

about how they live that it fairly makes a person long for their life.

"Now, they are both good people, and I have the greatest respect and confidence in both, but would not for the world have the first brother's experience. When I hear the other, at times I feel as if I would give all I ever had, or expect to have, to get his experience, when he tells of his wonderful victories he has gained through the blood of the Lamb and the aid of the blessed Holy Ghost."

After hearing that question it seemed as if it would not leave me.

I know what is the difference. Praise God, I DO. But how to tell it is another thing, for I have been in both places, and now I praise God that He ever led me out of the wilderness right over the Jordan of fearfulness and tearfulness, and doubts and fears, into the Land of Beulah, where I am living to-day.

The difference to me was, and I think to those fearful ones, in that they have left Egypt, crossed the Red sea of repentance, but have

Stopped in the Wilderness.

How they rejoiced when they saw their past sins covered with the precious blood of Jesus, and had the seal of pardon written on their hearts!

Yes, that was a blessed place to be.

But they want to stay there, and dance and sing and play the timbrel.

Well, it is all right to rejoice, but God said, "Go on." But they don't want anything better than this. Why, they are delivered, and they sing,

"My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this,
And sit and sing her self away to everlasting bliss."

But God wants us to go on. But they say, "What better can we do? What more do I want? God never does anything by halves.

Yes, He never does His work by halves, and when we come to Him for pardon He "freely pardoned all our sins." But right after that He says, now,

"Go on to Perfection."

Then we stop there and say, this is good enough for me; but God says, Go on to Canaan, to the land of Beulah, where the flowers bloom for ever, and the sky is always bright.

Then we say, "Oh, no, that is not to be in this world, that will be when we get to heaven."

If, by the persuasion of someone who has tasted of the fruits of this goodly land we make an effort to start, then we are surprised to find in that washed and pardoned heart roots of bitterness such as envy, pride, and such things, and instead of going to the fountain for cleansing, we stay there sinning and repenting.

Oh, let us obey God and and go on, then we won't have to be

Such Dismal Christians

that we frighten away the precious souls for whom Christ died.

Now, how about those joyous ones? Why, they have obeyed God and *gone on*, and their life is happy and they naturally talk about it.

How can they help it, they are dwelling in Beulah land, not for a short time but to abide with them.

How can we help but be happy?

Oh, Christian People, Go On!

It means, *just obedience to God*, but that some times means disobedience to our own selfish hearts, and at times to our nearest and dearest earthly friends. Oh,

those to whom God says, "Go on," and they obey, know what it means.

This is the Difference.

The fearful and tearful cannot be happy, for it is the obedient only who shall eat of the fruit of the land.—By "ONE WHO HAS GONE ON."

UNPREPARED.

We physicians, said Doctor B—— lately, have many glimpses of tragedy in our daily rounds. The most pitiful one that I remember was the death-bed of a lad, a member of the junior class in a certain college, who had been thrown from his horse and fatally hurt.

He was a large, vigorous lad, and had always possessed superb health. Probably he had never thought of the possibility of death for himself. His hurt was internal. It gave him no pain, and he spoke jocosely of his "slight accident." It was my duty to tell him that he had not an hour to live. In one moment the boy had to give up friends, home, the thousand pursuits and hopes which filled his mind, and face death.

An awful silence followed. Someone at his bedside sobbed out for him to "trust in Jesus."

He turned his head and cried, "Mother, who is Jesus? What is He?"

She tried to answer him, but his brain grew cloudy. He did not understand her, and so, unanswered, he died.

Mothers! are you educating your children thus? If you are, REPENT AT ONCE.

West Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

BLENHEIM.—God is blessing us here and giving us the victory. Hallelujah! Since last report SEVEN PRECIOUS souls have knelt at the Cross. Praise God! "Victory through the Blood," is our motto.—Captain M. HARTIN and Lieutenant PATTERSON.

WINDSOR.—"God, grit and gumption," were the three subjects of an address to the local officers, by Ensign Moore. The Ensign infused a good supply of each in what he said to us.

SIX CONVERTS took upon themselves the responsibility of becoming soldiers, and WERE ENROLLED as such recently.

Comrades from Uncle Sam's domains tell us that we are a noisy crowd. Our officers believe in visiting, and we are doing it systematically. Ensign and Mrs. Miller, of Chatham, and Ensign and Mrs. Moore, exchanged "pulpits" on Easter Sunday. In the morning meeting, A POOR OLD MAN whose head was white with hoary hairs, sought and FOUND JESUS to the entire satisfaction and joy of his soul. At the close of the day's fight THREE POOR WEARY ONES, who had lost their first love, CAME TO THE FRONT, and went away with the joy of knowing Jesus.

Times are dull; money and work scarce. Some of our dear comrades have little of either, but are stepping out on Jehovah's eternal promises, Who says, positively, that "ALL things work together for good to them that love God." The WAR CRYS are pushed and sold, too. The Easter CRY sold at sight. No wonder; it was a beauty. Our meetings are varied and interesting. We recently had one of the old-fashioned sing-songs; upwards of forty choruses were sung.—WAR CRY Correspondent.

LISTOWEL.—It is some time since you have heard from this place. I am glad to say we are not dead, neither are we sleeping. We have had a visit from our new D. C. and his wife, Ensign and Mrs. Fraser. We had a grand meeting, and TWO SOULS SAVED. Collections have been larger this week than any week since taking charge; crowds are increasing; interest is rising; and the soldiers are going in for more of the fighting spirit. Altogether, we can report victory. We closed the week rejoicing over FOUR SOULS being saved.—Captain and Mrs. WYNN.

From STRATFORD Lieutenant Davidson writes good news. They have had an enrolment of FOURTEEN RECRUITS. These comrades have publicly declared their intention to carry out, in a practical way, the principles of the Salvation Army.

OWEN SOUND.—We have just held, with great success, our tenth birthday, and in looking back over ten years' warfare for God we can see many, very many, trophies won from darkness to God's wonderful light.

On March the 31st the anniversary meet-

ings were led by Ensign McAmmond, from Collingwood. Sunday, all day, the meetings, from first to last, were just grand. ONE SISTER, whom God has been striving with for some time, came and GAVE UP HER ALL at the foot of Christ. Ensign Goodwin looked well after the baby while the mother prayed to God.

Monday was the day of the great jubilee. Early in the evening there was a grand march up town. A nice tea was provided by the soldiers and friends. The music was fine. We had the big bass fiddle, violin, organ, autoharp, concertina, drum, cymbals, timbrels, and lots of good singing. That duet, sung by Ensign McAmmond and Captain Steiger, took the cake. We were all glad to see the happy, smiling face of Captain Woolrich.—MRS. JOSIE STEVENSON, Special Correspondent.

ST. MARYS.—Although alone here I thank God for victory over the devil. God is working on the hearts of the people. BACKSLIDERS ARE COMING HOME to Jesus. The convicting Spirit of God is convincing the sinner of his sins and a coming judgment. Victory for me through the blood of Christ.—Lieutenant PYKE.

LEDUC.—As I am living about twenty miles from the nearest corps (Edmonton) I want there to spend the week-end, the first time I have been to the meetings this year. Friday night, splendid meeting. Sunday, all day, very stormy, and only small crowds, but we had some very blessed times, the Lord being very near, and SEVERAL CONVICTED. Collections good. The Captain is going on a well-earned rest.—JESSE DIXON.

GLENWOOD.—Our meetings have been grand this week. Crowds are increasing. ONE SOUL in the fountain. THREE HELD UP THEIR HANDS for prayer.—T. BROWN.

WOODSTOCK.—There is an old proverb which says, "It never rains but it pours." How true this is we are not aware, except that a real good shower of salvation has poured into many hearts in Woodstock this week-end. Ensign was away, but God was with us. We commenced on Sunday morning with a real good knee-drill; everyone went away blest and with real good faith for a day of victory. The holiness meeting was better attended than for months past, and His showers continued to fall there. In the afternoon meeting, and also in the night meeting, conviction seemed to prevail, and every testimony went home to the hearts of the unsaved. At the close of the night's meeting we had the joy of seeing THREE PRECIOUS SOULS wend their way to the foot of the Cross. Glory to God! The first one was an old gentleman seventy years of age, who had left the Saviour years ago, but He found Christ waiting to take him in. Then came one who had let the "weed" master him, but he said in his testimony afterwards that he knew he could find strength sufficient in God to help him to overcome.

We were just closing, and thanking God for what He had done, when another came, this time a young man about eighteen years of age.

Our marches were real good, crowds are on the increase, and everything makes us feel like shouting, victory.—BEN BRYAN.

Lieutenant Nyland reports successful meetings at WARKWORTH. Ensign McDonald, with Captain Walker, led on a jubilee meeting. A lunch was kindly provided by the soldiers.

Simcoe District Monthly Report.

During the past month there has been a steady rise all round the district. At SIMCOE NINETEEN PEOPLE have been forward for pardon; THIRTEEN RECRUITS have been added to our soldiers' roll, and TWENTY have sought the blessing of a clean heart. We have had five special meetings in Mr. Mabee's Hall at the same time that public meetings were going on in the barracks. These special meetings have produced great good, many getting light they never had before. We have also had some special meetings in the barracks during the month; one of them was a pound meeting, at which we got $4.50 worth of stuff. Amongst the lot was seven pounds of raisins, twelve pounds of salt, and seven loaves of bread. Next was an egg meeting, at which we got fifteen dozen eggs.

On Good Friday we had a beautiful time. The soldiers' council was all that could be desired. The Ensign talked on faith; what it was, how we were to know when we had it. God was very near, and many saw why their prayers had not been answered in the past.

The public meeting was an old-timer. Hall full. Great liberty in the testimonies. Comrades from Brantford, though they had to walk eight miles to get to the meeting here, got wonderfully blest. The dedication of Brother and Sister Osborne's baby to the

Lord, by the Ensign, was very solemn, and if those parents carry out the obligations laid upon them that night, Lilian Osborne will grow up to be a Christ-like woman. Ensign took particular care in explaining to them the necessity of dressing it as becometh a child belonging to God, and not to allow themselves, or the child, to be influenced by relations to dress it to look fashionable.

The half-night of prayer was announced and started, but it got better and better until it was near morning before we quit.

FOURTEEN CAME FORWARD, and if their vows are not carried out it will not be the officers' fault. We wound up with a Newfoundland time, chairs cleared back and a hallelujah dance engaged in. Glory hallelujah!

BRANTFORD is moving in the right direction. Captain Scarr has been promoted to Ensign and goes to Cobourg, after two weeks' stay at Brantford. Congratulations, Ensign, and God supply you wisdom in your new sphere to overcome the difficulties.

Captain Sam Wiggins has taken charge. He is seeing some SOULS SAVED. Make them into good soldiers, Captain. Wedding coming off at Brantford soon, I hear. Watch the CRY.

TILSONBURG has reported THREE SOULS the past month. Quarters has been cleaned, papered and fixed over until now it is a really nice comfortable home. People of Tilsonburg are helping generously to meet the expense attached to the undertaking. God bless them! What is wanted at Tilsonburg is a little more Holy Ghost life.

PORT ROWAN.—"UNITY IS STRENGTH," but disunion is weakness, and produces death and decay. Captain Charles Brant has seen the collections go up since he has been there, but he wants souls—the souls of his own people crying to God to stir them up. Oh, God, hear prayer, and breath upon Port Rowan the breath of life.

PORT DOVER.—No officers here yet, and we have just bought a barracks. What can I say to bring someone along? Mr. Editor, we have five or six young people in our corps who ought to be candidates right away, and they do not send in their application, though they know they ought. What can we do for these? Give us a remedy to help them, through the CRY. I do pray they may soon be where they will be used of God in saving souls by the wholesale.—GET THERE.

AMHERSTBURG.—Ensign Moore paid our corps a visit last week. We had an enrolment of recruits and also had some sergeants commissioned.—J. CRAWFORD, Captain; L. MITCHELL, Lieutenant.

ESSEX.—Our meetings have been times of blessing. On Tuesday (soldiers' meeting) the Lieutenant spoke on "The Way to Succeed as a Salvation Soldier." On Wednesday we had a Women's Demonstration lead by "Captain" Cutting and "Lieutenant" McNeil. On Friday we welcomed Captain McLeod. Sunday, soldiers turned out well all day. In the afternoon we were assisted by Captain Simonson, from the States.—Lieutenant TOOKE, for Captain McLEOD.

OFFICERS WANTED!

A Call for Candidates.

Shall Your Opportunities Glide by Unused?

"THE HARVEST TRULY IS GREAT BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW."

THE Easter number of the WAR CRY is a special and attractive one. It is full of fine illustrations and cuts of the Salvation Army officers, lots of beautiful reading matter. A large engraving goes with it, entitled "Christ in Gethsemane." The number is a credit to the managers of the paper.—*Port Arthur Journal.*

Christ Has Died.

W. RITCHIE, KINGSTON.

TUNE—*Will you go? Will you go?*

1 Proclaim aloud to everyone,
Christ has died;
To save the world God sent His Son,
Christ has died.
For us He bore the scoff and shame,
For us He suffered Calvary's pain,
To win us back to God again
Christ has died.

How grand to know that for us all
Christ has died!
To break the curse of Adam's fall,
Christ has died;
Oh, let the glorious message roll
Out o'er the world from pole to pole,
To bring new hope to every soul,
Christ has died.

Awake, lost sinner, hear the news,
Christ has died,
No longer do the light refuse,
Christ has died;
You cannot wisely close your ear
And still refuse the call to hear,
Oh, turn just now! in faith draw near;
Christ has died.

Trust.

BY F. E. S., WINNIPEG.

TUNE—*Lead me, Saviour, lest I stray.*

2 When my way seems dark as night,
When my eyes can see no light;
Thou will guide my soul a-right,
Thou art leading in the fight.

CHORUS.

Trust Thee, trust Thee,
Saviour I will trust in Thee;
When my way is dark or bright,
Thou wilt lead me in the light.

When my path is bright as day,
And no darkness in the way;
May I not be led astray,
Saviour, help me watch and pray.

I will trust Him all the while,
Will live daily in His smile;
Though the storm it may be wild,
Still I know I am His child.

Jesus, He will be my Sun,
As my days are quickly run;
I'll keep on as I've begun,
By-and-bye He'll say "Well done!"

Praise.

BY KHUSHAL BHAI, in *Indian War Cry.*

TUNE—*We'll all shout "Hallelujah!"*

3 Though we're on the narrow way, we've an enemy to slay,
But with Jesu's grace we'll conquer in the fight,
Though temptations may increase, we've His love, and joy, and peace,
And a light within, that's always burning bright.

CHORUS.

Praise the Saviour's name for ever!
Sin has gone—we're pure within;
We will fight and never tire, and get the heavenly fire,
And daily to His feet lost souls will bring.

What a change has taken place, once we were a real disgrace,
And only Christ Himself has done the work;
We feel so thankful, too, He has given us hearts quite new,
No pride nor sin within them now doth lurk.

If to Him you'll only come, there's a blessed welcome home,
And joys divine, and pleasures all unfold;
Then if Satan you should meet, you need never know defeat,
For His children He has promised to uphold.

To Backsliders and Sinners.

BY J. PARKER.

TUNE—*The harvest is passing.* ("B.B.," No. 83; "B.J., No. 25; "S.M., Vol. I., Nos. 142, 220.)

4 Backslider, return, oh, return to the Saviour,
No longer in bondage and misery live;
His heart overflows with the tenderest of pity,
Though much you have grieved Him He'll truly forgive.

CHORUS.

Return to the Saviour, He'll freely forgive you;
Though much you have grieved Him, He'll freely forgive.

Backslider, return, oh, return to your Saviour,
He'll welcome you kindly as at first when you came;
For past wrongs and follies He ne'er will upbraid you,
His love's everlasting, and always the same.

Backslider, return, oh, return to your Saviour,
Now haste to the Cross, and your sinfulness mourn;
What joy there would be 'mongst the angels of glory
If you would to-day to your Saviour return!

Fight Bravely On.

BY PETER RASMUSSEN, BENDIGO, in *Australian Cry.*

TUNE—*Cleansing for me.*

5 Soldier of Jesus, whatever your lot,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on!
Whether the sunshine or darkness you've got,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on!
Remember as faintly the fight you pursue,
That Jesus is ready your strength to renew,
Remember that God is depending on you,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on.

Be not despairing, my comrade in arms,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on!
Do not be frightened by Satan's alarms,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on!
Millions have conquered in times that are past,
Who all their burdens on Jesus have cast,
Fight on, a victor He'll crown you at last,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on.

Christ makes us free, although once we were enslaved,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on!
They who endure to the end shall be saved,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on!
From sin our Saviour will keep our hearts free,
O'er all temptations He'll give victory,
Until in heaven His glory we see,
Fight bravely on, fight bravely on!

Come Unto Me.

(South African Cry.)

TUNE—*Alas! and did my Saviour bleed!*

6 Oh, sinner, Jesus died for thee,
The thorns they pierced His side;
He bled and died on Calvary,
Then do not Him despise.

CHORUS.

"Come unto Me! Come unto Me!"
Oh, hear that loving call;
"Come unto Me, My child, oh, come!"
Thy debt—I've paid it all.

The Cross was great, He murmured not,
The crown of thorns He wore;
"Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!"
He cried 'mid sweat of gore.

They led Him to Mount Calvary,
They nailed Him to the tree;
'Twas there He died for you and me,
From sin to set us free.

"'Tis finished—all the debt is paid,
One look of love He gave;
"Forgive them, Father!" thus He cried,
Then bowed His head and died.

PROMOTIONS—

Captain Lizzie Tierney, of the Children's Shelter, to be *ENSIGN.*

Lieutenant Sims, of Barrie, to be *Captain.*

APPOINTMENTS—

ADJUTANT MANTON, "Grace-before-meat" Agent, for the Central Province.

Captain Crook, "Grace-before-meat" Agent for West Ontario Province.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

Principal Contents.

INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL.
CALL TO ARMS.—By Major Read.
GEORGE, OF BOWMANVILLE (continued).
THE FRIDAY NIGHT'S CONVENTION.
ETC., ETC.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, April 19, 1894.

A letter written to a comrade, by Adjutant Smith, one of our Zululand pioneers, describes his ordinary sphere of work as brickmaker, bricklayer, carpenter, etc. He and his comrades were, in fact, founding a city, varying the work by preaching Christ to the Zulus in the cool of the evening. The Army is distinctly ONE. Here, at Toronto, the same spirit in Canadian Salvationists, has resulted in the commencing of an undertaking mentioned recently in the Commandant's Territorial Topics, viz., the excavation and construction in the Temple basement, of a suitable week-night hall for the use of comrades in the Queen City. Responding to the appeal of the Provincial Secretary, various soldiers have come forward to do the work, and are giving their time and labor to the cause, while a number of the sister-soldiers, resolved not to be behind in good works, have undertaken to supply the workmen with rations. A similar thing is being done at Bowmanville. We hope to present our readers with a picture of the Bowmanville excavators in a future issue.

The willingness of these comrades to give themselves in every possible way to the interests of the Kingdom, evinces a beautiful measure of that pratical Christianity, which is the only sort that will pass the excise of public opinion nowadays. We congratulate Toronto and Bowmanville.

EXCUSE THE EDITOR.

We make a profound apology for the non-appearance of that most interesting contribution, "Territorial Topics." We knew there was a vast deal to say, inasmuch as many of the Commandant's new schemes are rapidly shaping up, and we judged the Commandant would somehow squeeze time enough from the racket of the Western campaign and travel, to send us the notes, but our expectations have been disappointed. Our readers will, we are sure, readily excuse the insertion of a premature notice.

WELCOME.

The Rescue Home at Jameson Avenue is to be the scene of a happy gathering on the 26th inst. Mrs. Booth has very kindly issued invitations for a welcome tea there to the Commandant after his great North-West trip. We prophesy for the Commandant a thoroughly Salvation Canadian welcome, just as "hot and strong" a one as will be given him anywhere.

Mrs. Booth is having a welcome tea for Commandant on the 26th April.

The morning papers record a very sad catastrophe at Huntsville. A conflagration there has reduced the business part of the town to ashes. We sincerely sympathize with those who are suffering from the fire.

THE FAMILY ALTAR

THE CROSS.

Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be My disciple.—LUKE xiv. 27.

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God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.—GAL. vi. 14.

—:—

Looking unto Jesus . . . Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame.—HEB. xii. 2.

—:—

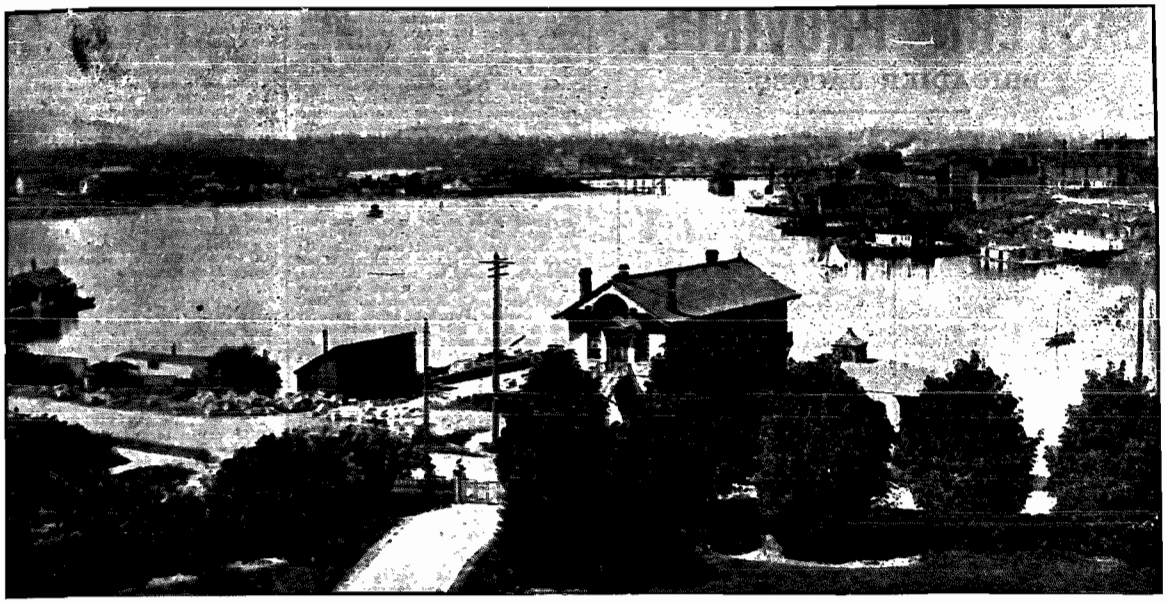
"The Cross is the attraction."

—:—

But if, impatient, thou let slip thy cross,
Thou wilt not find it in this world again,
Nor in another; here and here alone
Is given thee to *suffer* for God's sake.
In other worlds we shall more perfectly
Serve Him, and love Him, praise Him, work for Him,
Grow near and nearer Him with all delight;
But then we shall not any more be called
To suffer, which is our appointment here.
Canst thou not suffer for one hour—or two?
If He should call thee from thy cross to-day,
Saying, "It is finished, that hard cross of thine
From which thou prayest for deliverance,"
Thinkest thou not some passion of regret
Would overcome thee? Thou would'st say,
"So soon?
"Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile
More patiently, I have not yet praised God."
And He might answer to thee, "Never more,
All pain is done with." Whence'er it comes,
That summons that we look for, it will soon
Soon, yes, too soon. Let us take heed in time
That God may now be glorified in us;
And while we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly; since this alone
The suffering, which in this world's spiritual grace,
May here be perfected and left behind.

—UGO BASSI.

WE NEED not see all the dark clouds that lower ever our heads, if we only keep looking for the brighter rifts through which the sun may be shining. No day need be gloomy or miserable, if we but count the sunshiny moments. We can find happiness, if we will; but we must look for it, and, more than that, determine that we *shall* find it.



VICTORIA, B. C.—Visited by the Commandant on his Northwest Tour.

MRS. BOOTH

Practically Helps the Women's Training Garrison.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Something of the same experience brought in our lives by the transforming grace of God, has been made in our Garrison Home this week, by the loving interest of our dear leader, Mrs. Booth. God bless her!

When we came at first to the Home, our patience was severely tried; we needed so many things which were absolutely necessary to carry out in peace and harmony, the rules of the Home. But the fact stared us in the face, we didn't possess them, nor were we likely, on our own accord, to get them, for the friends who had kept our cupboard full, were poor as regards ready money, so we struggled on.

The other morning Mrs. Booth stepped in to spend a little time with the Cadets, to bless them in their souls, to inspire their hearts

Godward,

and to stimulate them by earnest, faithful words, to activity and success in Army service.

After the blessed little meeting was over, her quick eye took in our needs, and her practical love showed at once by the words.

"Well, Ensign Frith, I shall go out and beg the money to get these things. You must have them, and I shall spend the first day I can spare in going round, and laying your needs before the people who can give."

Yesterday, our Home showed a very different aspect—it seemed turned into a little paradise.

In spite of so many other pressing claims upon her time and strength, Mrs. Booth had spent hours in getting interviews with people who had responded to her earnest words, by giving her enough money to get the following articles.

List of Articles Bought by Mrs. Booth for the Home.

Forty-one yards of oil cloth; twenty-one yards of carpet; five new toilet sets; eight pair of lace curtains and complete fittings; nineteen splendid roller-blinds; one wash stand; one table; one writing desk (beautiful); twelve yards table cloth; two table covers; eight toilet covers; twenty bright Army washing texts; six single bed spreads; two double bed spreads; money to get the floors painted, $10.

God bless abundantly every donor.

We are very Grateful Indeed,

and while enjoying these comforts will fervently pray that every cadet and officer that enters this Home, right down their Army career, may prove faithful, loyal Salvationists, who shall repay in happy service and successful fighting. May the kindness and interest which has been so given to us, constrain us to closely follow our Lord and Master, living holy, fearless lives of truth and righteousness, that hundreds shall be influenced Calvaryward and brought under the blood-stained banner, to enter at last through the gates of pearl, shouting, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

Ensign FRITH.

"I Was Sick and Ye Visited Me."

After Friday night's meeting, a sister came up with the following request:

"Mrs. Booth, there is a soldier, who is very sick, she has never seen you, but she won't be happy till she does, and if you COULD come! I know you have a great deal to do, but *if* (with a stress on the if) she would be so glad."

There need have been no hesitation in asking, if this sister had but seen the ready, cheerful acquiescence with which it was granted, and how quickly next morning Mrs. Booth wended her way to that sick room. If those walls could speak, what blessing they would reveal, and with what gladness they would tell of a soul cheered, inspired, and lifted nearer heaven.

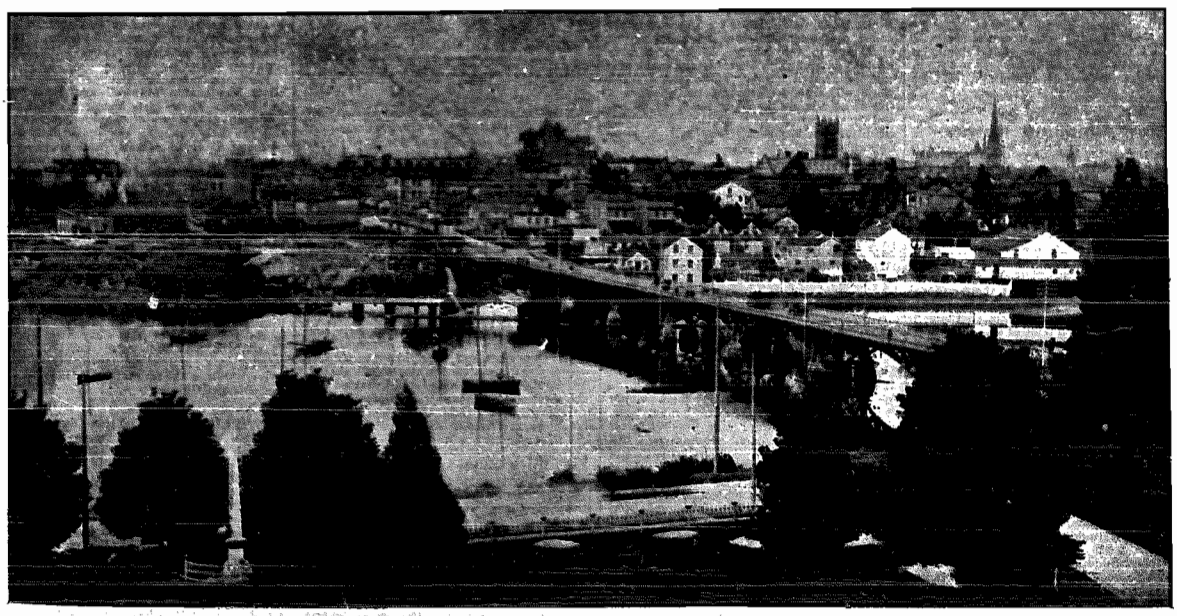
A sunny rift in a cloud of loneliness and painful weariness.

After a visit to dear Captain McKean, at the Home of Rest, comes this Bible thought, which in a very real sense can be applied to our beloved leader, the revised version of Jer. 31, 25: "I have satiated the weary soul."

Yes; we felt it to be a great privilege to join in the effort to fill an hour of life, with some anticipation of the fellowship in heaven.

"Yes; of course I'll go, why didn't some one tell me. Poor girl, she must be lonely;" but I venture to say not so lonely after Mrs. Booth's visit.

Captain Wells gives a bright testimony and assure Mrs. Booth she is "longing for the fight." Only waiting for a little more strength to put forth that bursting spirit of enthusiasm and devotion which in NINE YEARS' SERVICE she has in no way wearied. Answering the question of an enquirer, Mrs. Booth says: "SHE IS IN REAL FIGHTING TRIM." God bless and restore her, and bless and again bless her, whose life daily blesses so many others.



VICTORIA, B. C.—Visited by the Commandant on his Northwest Tour.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER JACOBS.

Brother Watts Promoted to Glory.

FREDERICTON AND CAPE BRETON.—Working for God I have such sweet peace. I love God with all my heart. I have been greatly helped and blessed in my soul while writing and selling WAR CRYS. I mean to go right on and never retreat.—Cadet MAGGIE S. FRASER.

FREDERICTON.—When I look around me and realize that I am really in the Salvation Army Training Garrison and the past four happy weeks is a blessed reality and not a dream, I cannot find words to thank the Lord. Since last report I have been having perfect victory in my soul, which means victory in work as well. Work done for Jesus brings happiness wherever it is done. Every day is a happy day in the Fredericton Training Home.—Cadet KATE WELCH.

CATALINA, NFLD.—We have had the joy this week of seeing NINE at the Mercy Seat crying for deliverance, four of them got the victory while the others doubted the promise of God and went away unsaved.

We give God the glory for what He has done, and we believe for many more.—Cadet M. BURRY.

FORTUNE, NFLD.—The past week God has been with us. FOUR SOULS have sought and found pardon. On Thursday night we had with us Brigade-Captain Freeman and Mrs. Freeman. This was Mrs. Freeman's first visit to Fortune. The next thing was to commission eleven Sergeants. God bless them. Mrs. Freeman read from The Good Old Book, the net was pulled, but none would yield.—Lieutenant COOPER.

BURIN, NFLD.—Again the pale horse and its rider have visited our ranks, and taken from us one of our loyal and devoted soldiers, Samuel Watts. Yet we cannot mourn his loss, for we feel that our loss is heaven's gain. When the Army first came, our comrade took his stand by the colors and fought bravely up to the time that he was laid aside by that terrible disease, consumption, and for ten months he suffered very much, yet he was never known to mourn or complain, but could say not my will, but Thine be done. The officers, often visited him in his time of sickness and in dealing with him about his soul, he would say with a smile on his face, "I am only waiting for a call to come up higher." Our comrade passed away on the 3rd of March, and we gave him an Army funeral; quite a number followed him to the grave, and at the grave side some testimonies were given to our departed comrade's life. On the following Sunday a memorial service was held in the Barracks. The meeting was a time of power, and as the different ones spoke of our lamented comrade, we could not but feel that a deep impression was made upon the hearts of the unsaved, for at the close two souls come forward and gave themselves to God.

May God's blessing rest upon the bereaved ones, and may we, who are left behind, go forward with more zeal than ever to lift up the fallen. Amen.—H. FREEMAN, District Officer.

Newfoundland News.

"Has the enemy been at you this morning?" I asked a convert who had been saved the night before. He said that he had been at him before he was out of bed, but he did not mind, but looked to God, and went on.

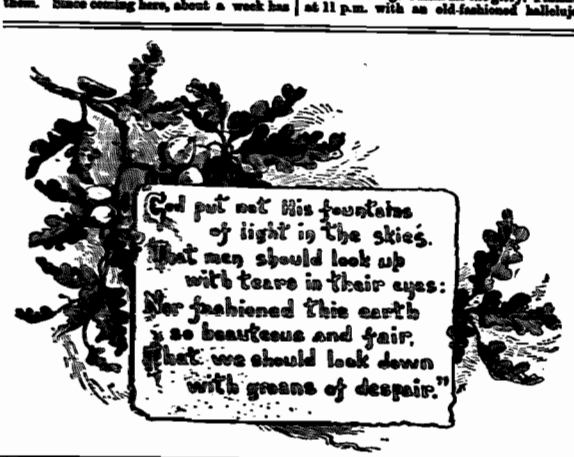
Since you last heard from this District there has been a lot of work done. The District Officer has been down to ST. JOHNS and HARBOR GRACE, and while there we had some very special meetings. One was a Hallelujah Wedding, and of course the Southern D.O. was glad to be there, and he took to himself a wife. We had a blessed Council together. We learned a lot of God and how better to fight in this great Salvation War.

The next morning we took the train for DILDO, where Captain Bradbury and Lieut. Loggo are in charge. We spent two days at this place. We had the Reformed Church to hold our meetings in, which was packed each night. While at this place FIVE SOULS WERE SAVED, two sanctified, and Mrs. Read enrolled NINETEEN RECRUITS, making a total of forty-three Blood-and-Fire soldiers.

On Saturday morning we drove four miles to meet the train. On arriving at the station I heard the sad news that my father was paralyzed, and could neither speak nor eat. It was hard for it came unexpectedly.

We spent Sunday at No. II., where they are having a good time. On Sunday night TEN CAME FORWARD for salvation, and the power of God was present to heal them, and after some prayer and singing, nine of them could rejoice in the new-found joy.

Monday night we were at the Sergeants' Council in No. I. Quarters, where we had a heavenly time indeed to our souls. Glory be to God. On Tuesday we were about to leave for our Headquarters. Now the question what best to do was brought up? Father was dying and he was prepared, other people were dying unprepared. I thought the most important was the saving of precious souls. So I wished good-bye to home and friends and boarded the steamer for GRAND BANK. We were a long time getting here, as we had to pass through a lot of ice which delayed us a considerable time. When we got to BURIN, Captain King and Lieutenant Stephens came on board to see me, and I enquired how the work was going. "Oh, very good," was the answer. Brother——— is saved and he is a good man. Brother——— is going to be a soldier, which is the best thing to do after getting saved. After a short time we start for Grand Bank, but before we reached it, it came on to blow, and we had to drop anchor for the night; but it blew so hard that the anchor dragged, (thank God the anchor of our soul is in good ground). The captain had to steam about until daylight, and so about 9:30 we were at Grand Bank, but it blew so hard that for a time it was thought impossible to land us, so the captain steamed about for a short time, and then the wind abated, and we managed to get to the shore all right, and found some friends. God bless them. Since coming here, about a week has passed and we have SEVENTEEN SOULS SAVED, praise God. On Sunday night God came very near, and THE SUPERINTENDENT THEMSELVES to HIM, Hallelujah! There are a great number under conviction and we are believing for big things in the future. We have had AN ENGAGEMENT OF TEN here lately, and also commissioned a number of Sergeants. The work all around seems to be advancing. Our own souls are kept in touch with God, and we are certain that while we live in this condition we are sure of victory.—Brigade-Captain FREEMAN.



ST. JOHNS I.—In one meeting a man came jumping over the seats and cried to God to save him. He got deliverance from all sin. Several others came to the penitent-form for salvation, and tore the feathers out of their hats and said they got properly saved.—Cadet ARTHUR S. LEDGE.

Ensign Blackburn's Tour.

LIEUT. PUGH and myself left BELLEVILLE, noon Good Friday, for CAMPBELLTON, N.B. After taking part in the meeting at the Temple, Montreal, we went to the Joe Beef Shelter. We are pleased with the arrangements made for the comfort of the many men snugly tucked-up in their respective bunks. Arrived at Campbellton 1 a.m. Sunday, after a long day on the cars. Sunday we had good meetings all day. Soldiers rallied well; weather cold and stormy and militated against successful open-air operation; had fairly good crowds and finished at night with ONE SOUL in the fountain. Left Campbellton 6:45 a.m. Monday for NEWCASTLE, arrived noon, found Captain ALLAN full of praises to God for His loving kindness. SOULS WERE GETTING SAVED and things looking up generally. Good meetings here; twenty on march and 160 persons inside. Away to CHATHAM. We had been well announced, consequently had a good crowd; numbers stayed for the prayer-meeting for more than curiosity's sake, but no one yielded. Next morning we boarded train for MONCTON; were met by Ensign DERBRIAY, had good open-air and march to barracks. We found crowd awaiting us. Here we met with the Hallelujah conductors. Brother BOYARD and the Saved Tank Inspector who not only stops leakages in tanks, but can *make a few* in the devil's cisterns. Away to SACKVILLE, where we found two brothers who had come twelve and eighteen miles respectively, to attend the meeting. With these and the Captain and *One* of her soldiers, we marched out, receiving a volley of snowballs for our pains. Inside, like the Apostles of old, in the upper room, we brought the glory down, if not in the sinners' souls, at any rate in our own. One poor lassie told the writer that in all seriousness that she would come out but the people would laugh at her. No amount of persuading could make her take up the Cross, and both she and her companion went away utterly wretched. AMHERST comes next. Found Captain FRIZZELL alone, humanly speaking; had a good march; thermometer down to about zero; then off to the hall. Another upper room; this time got the glory right down into the hearts of TWO POOR SINNERS, who fell at the foot of the Cross and accepted pardon.

SPRING HILL MINES, with its hilly streets, hard-handed, kind-hearted miners, comes next. Here we spent a week-end. Last night, March 31, had a full house; many cases of conviction. Sunday, twelve for knee-drill, and about eighty at the holiness meeting. Afternoon meeting, place packed out with about 400 people. The Hallelujah Gipsy, brother Miller, and a smiling-faced friend were in evidence and spoke very forcibly on the saving and keeping power of God. The night meeting put the topper on; every part of the building being crowded right up to the very edge of the platform, and numbers of young folks being compelled to find seats on it; splendid meeting; many were convicted of their sin; TWO YIELDED themselves to God, for which we give Him all the glory. Finished at 11 p.m. with an old-fashioned hallelujah dance. Monday night spoke to the people on social matters mainly, though dealing with them about their souls at the same time.

CLARK'S HARBOR, N.S.—God is working; souls are being saved every week. FOUR young men gave God their heart.—Captain CURRY.

NEWCASTLE, N.B.—Grand times here. SEVEN SOULS sought Christ during the past week. It almost looks too good to be true, to see the rows of converts sitting on the platform, who, only a short time ago were sitting unsaved amongst the ungodly. May the Lord make them into real blood-and-fire soldiers.—Captain E. H. ALLAN.

LA TETE.—We have been hindered in our Circle Corps work very much by the terrible condition of the roads, which have made it quite impossible for us to visit the different places; but we believe in a little while the roads will dry.

At Rook Bay, our meetings and crowds are good. An old lady died there recently, and they sent for the minister at a neighboring town to bury her, and as he did not turn up, we were sent for; so after the storm had abated, Bro. McLean, Lieutenant, and I started out. The service at the house was impressive, and tears flowed freely from the eyes of the sons, daughters, and friends.—Captain FANNIE HOPKINS, Lieutenant SUSIE GIBSON.

ST. JOHN I.—For some time we had been talking about having a saved drunkards' demonstration. At last thoughts fled, and practical efforts were put forth. Captain Wright, and Brother Mundee, from Carleton, took all the responsibility of this meeting upon them, and to them we are indebted for its success. Captain Poore led a short testimony meeting. Some very definite testimonies were given by those saved from drink. Amongst the number were Brothers Ketcoff, Armstrong, Barnes, and Palmer.—Captain PENNEY.

Prince Edward Island District.

Lieutenant Piercy, of Georgetown, slipped into a hole and fell, breaking his leg. Unfortunately he was alone, and three-quarters of a mile from the nearest house; however, he managed to crawl to it almost exhausted. They welcomed and attended to him, and drove him into Georgetown to the doctor. The Lieutenant says the friends here were very kind to him. He is now in Charlottetown hospital.—F. WATSON, Ensign.

STELLARTON, N.S.—Our hearts are full of praise to God for the blessed victory He has allowed us to see. Last night we had the joy of seeing SIX PRECIOUS SOULS kneel at the mercy-seat. They all returned to give God glory to-night, when ANOTHER POOR WANDERER came back to the fold.—Captain ALICE HESELTON.

BONAVISTA.—Sunday night, THREE DEAR SOULS broke loose from the devil's ranks, and volunteered for the Cross. Two of them went down to their houses feeling justified, while the other failed to claim the promised blessing.—Lieutenant G. THOMPSON.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—Since taking charge, we have seen TWENTY-FOUR SOULS profess to find salvation, seven of which have been captured this past week, one amongst the number being a Roman Catholic girl.—Lieutenant PIERCE DOWELL.

BAY ROBERTS, NFLD.—TWENTY SOULS have professed salvation, and four sanctification. One brother, who had been a sinner for fifty years, came and got forgiven, and is now happy. Still on we go to rescue the perishing.—Captain PENN.

WARKWORTH.—Lieut. George Nyland reports a visit of Ensign McDonald to Warkworth's Indian outpost.

HALIFAX.—Since last I wrote you we have had a great time, what with prohibition, musical and other meetings, time flies quickly. Any souls? Well, a few. Sunday the 8th, THREE BACKSLIDERS came back to God. May they keep time I say and pray. Yours for God.—SECRETARY.

Springhill District Reports.

PARRSBORO'.—I arrived with Ensign Blackburn and his Lieutenant. If a good crowd at the open-air and in the barracks, with a good collection, is indicative of the Army's influence, I must conclude that the Army has a good hold on this nice little seaport town. Together with the commending and local officers of the corps, I held a CENSUS MEETING. I found the corps in a prosperous condition. Captain Bissett has been in charge for about nine months. At ACADIA MINES, Wednesday night, one brother who very lately had had the burden of sin rolled away, felt joyous that he concluded to dance it off. Captain Sabine and her Lieutenant have been here for three months. The last month has been the best, showing a fair increase in all figures. The only difficulty seems to be the scarcity of cash.

At TRURO SIX RECRUITS were enrolled under the Army flag, having in them the possibilities of becoming great factors for God in the corps. Captain Facey and his good wife did everything to make my visit pleasant. Their stay of nine months in this place has met with a good measure of success. I listened, with much pleasure, to a few of MRS. FACEY'S REMINISCENCES OF OBY-SELLING IN THE SALOONS AND GAMBLING PLACES. THE FREQUENTERS OF THESE PLACES HAVE BEEN HERE BEST WAR CRY PATRONS.

PUGWASH comes last but not least, if we allow Lieutenants Maxwell and Reades to be judges. These girls assure me that the Pugwash people are of the kindest hearts, and are only wanting the opportunity and means of doing abundantly and above what you would ask or think. The Lieutenants have, however, done magnificently fixing up the quarters and barracks at a considerable expense, KEEPING OUT OF DEBT, and beside all this, have succeeded in bringing THREE PRODIGALS home to their Father's house. Hallelujah. On my way to Pugwash I stopped off at OXFORD, a place that was once alive with Salvationists, but which owing to a combined force of circumstances is to-day without officers. Here I found some who still hold out as followers of the Yellow, Red and Blue, and I hope in the near future to be able to do something for this busy little place. SPRINGHILL, here a few rebels are being captured; on a previous Sunday night we had TWO SINNERS in the fountain.—D. L. CRESSINGTON, District Officer.

TWILLINGATE.—Fighting changed into victory's ringing cheer. Praise the Lord. Through the past month we have seen FIFTY SOULS claim salvation by faith, among whom is a whole family, consisting of father, mother, son and daughter, it being the third time that the father ever attended an Army meeting. Since his conversion, in his testimony he says his home is a happy one, and his house is a house of prayer; instead of a curse and a black look it is peace, joy and happiness.

At our banquet and jubilee we raised over SEVENTY DOLLARS. Best of all, at the jubilee, SIX SOULS knelt at the Cross. People here are very kind; they have helped us nobly.—HAMPTON and BAIRD.

THE GIST OF THE WORLD'S "CRYS."

ENGLAND.

The General's Good Friday was spent at Norwich, with forty-three souls at the Cross for the day's conquest. During his Easter campaign salvation was blazoned at Blaina, and forty-six knelt for pardon. Commissioner Booth-Tucker, assisted by Prince Galatzin, spent Good Friday at Camberwell.

"Staff-Captain Malan, of Italy, said numbers of people look upon Italians as being made of ice-cream, but he was not of that ilk; his aim in life was to bring souls to Christ. Prince Galatzin followed with a very definite testimony, after which he assisted in taking the collection."

"AN UNEVENTFUL LIFE" was led, we read, by Adjutant Parkyn until the Salvation Army made it palpitate with interest.

A WOMAN ANARCHIST SOBS FOR MERCY," is the title of an account of the Marechale's doings in the South of France.

In "THE GREAT CITIES CAMPAIGN," the Bristol Bombardiers are interviewed as to their methods and triumphs.

The permanent compaigners include:—Colonel McKie, in charge; Major Roberts, registrar; Major and Mrs. Condy, in charge of Fishing Brigade; Major Hinchcliffe, candidates, etc.; Staff-Captain Gale, in charge of Open-air Brigade; Staff-Captain Plant, soloist and correspondent; Bandmaster Appleby, in charge of band; Captain Polly Parkins, penitent-form; Captains Kent and Dunlop, special campaigners; Ensign Powley, in charge of songsters; Captain and Mrs. Lax, secretaries; Adjutant Carleton, Captains Kemp, Budge, Davidson and Roberts, band, etc.; Lieutenant McCann (blind), pianist.

Major Roberts was interviewed to the following effect:—

"I understand, Major, you are in charge of what is known as the Registration Department of this campaign?"

"Yes, that is so."

"What is the object?"

"To register the names and addresses of all penitents that come to the form, and then see that they are properly and thoroughly visited the next day, or as soon afterwards as possible."

"On what lines do you work?"

"As soon as ever the prayer meeting begins, if there are no penitents at the mercy-seat, I at once go off with the fishers; but generally there are several at the penitent form, and I immediately begin to deal with them as to why they have come, getting others also to assist me in this work.

"If we find a penitent has come out for salvation, we question him as to his willingness to make a perfect surrender of all known sin, and then urge him to give himself up fully and entirely to Jesus Christ, and to trust Him alone for forgiveness of all his sins, assuring him that if he does this, God will put His Holy Spirit within him and give him power to go forth and live a new life. We get him to pray for himself, and encourage and teach him how to pray in faith. When he is able to tell us that God does save him now, we take his name and address, and give him a 'Salvation Covenant,' asking him first to sign it, and then keep it in his Bible and read it occasionally, so as to remind him of the vows he made to God.

"As soon as the meeting is over I enter all the penitents' names in separate books, for my visitors for the next day; and after the Workers' meeting at half-past nine every morning, each visitor goes off with his or her book to visit the converts. They are instructed not only to visit them, but to make inquiries as to whether they have fully trusted Jesus for deliverance from all known sin, and whether all in the house are professing to be saved. At the close of the day their report is brought back to me, and progress reported the next morning at the Workers' meeting. In some cases penitents cannot be visited. To these we write an encouraging letter, asking them to let us know how they are getting on, and telling them the date of the next converts' meeting. This is a meeting we have been able to hold for converts only on Sundays at half-past five, and Tuesdays and Fridays. These have been very encouraging indeed. Each convert is invited to pray, however brief, and God has wonderfully poured His Spirit upon us. It has been inspiring to feel that all present, with two or three exceptions, have given their hearts to Jesus during the present campaign."

"CHASING THE SLAVER,"

From the New York Cry. The Scene from a Stormy Life, Full of Perils by Land and Sea, as a Man-o'-Waeman, Color-Sergeant Wise.

Another point on which Staff-Captain Gale laid stress is the value of a little attention given to the people when they first enter the barracks. He has been most energetic in shaking hands with them and placing them in seats near the front, the consequence being that when he "tackles" them about their souls they are not utter strangers to him, and are the more ready to speak as to their soul's condition.

"CHRIST'S CROSS; ITS HUMILIATION AND TRIUMPH," was the subject of the Field Commissioner's address at the Grecian, on Good Friday, in a thronged theatre. Thirty-two claimed pardon and holiness. Miss Booth was weak from a physical standpoint, but strong in spirit.

At the beginning of the General's Jubilee Campaign in London, two days' meetings were to be held in the Queen's Hall, Regent Street.

There was an enthusiastic reception of the Jubilee Proposals, and an interview with the General follows, (Reproduced on another page.)

AUSTRALIA.

The Australian *Cry* appeals at once to the instinct of human sympathy by the front-page story of, "OLD BILLY, THE EX-LONDON THIEF," *by Young Billy.*

The story of a desperate life is penned as an instance of the power of God to save to the uttermost all who come to Him in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ.

THE COMMISSIONER IN THE COAL DISTRICT.

ENGLETON was the first appointment.

From beginning to end of his address, Commissioner Coombs kept up a perfect fusillade of illustrations, which bent over on the unsaved with telling application. First, an inference drawn from an incident in connection with Mrs. Knorr,

THE MELBOURNE BABY MURDERESS,

then the wonderful power of grace to convert a dark-dyed sinner, after years in Pentridge gaol; then the sudden death of a young man in Quebec, and an attempt at blowing up the barracks. All this went home with power.

Nine sought God's face and favor.

WALLSEND followed.

Who has not heard of it? From Wallsend, coal has been sent to all parts of the world—coal to cook with, coal to give light, coal to give warmth, and yet poor Wallsend, from the workingman's point of view, stands hungry, and dark, and cold. Not that she is impoverished by giving to others, for it is her present lethargy in beneficience that stops the return, but there is somewhere a screw

THE

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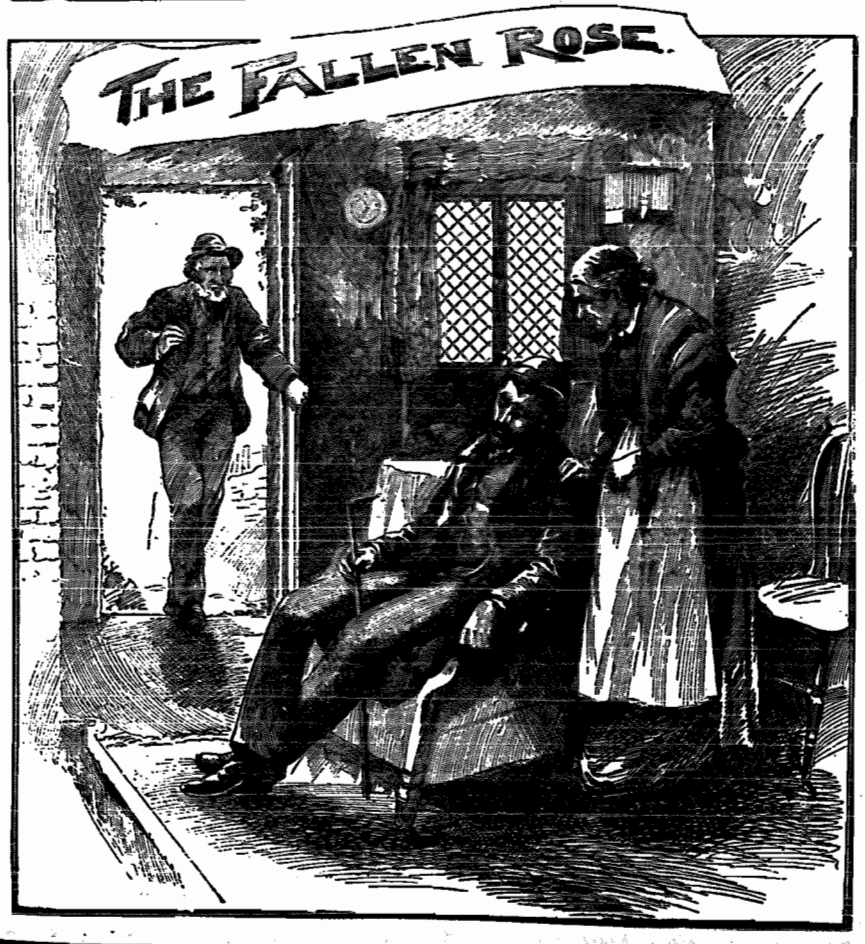


loose, and Wallsend, although it has bright days, is now in a hole. The rush of the wheel and

THE CLICK OF THE PICK,

used to be the glory of the place. Now, industry stands with folded arms. So far as we could discern, the Army seems one of the most active things in the place; they are at it day and night. On arrival, we found the outdoor meeting in full swing. The reception was a thundering and rowdy exercise, composed of screeching, shouting, and braying. The Commissioner was matched up without a moment's notice, on the shoulders of two muscular individuals, and hawked round the ring.

At NEWCASTLE:

In spite of the fact that the farmers wanted rain, Captain Caisbrook insisted on asking the Lord for fine weather, But how was it to be done? Well, the Lord settled it by giving just as much as we needed without hurting the farmers, so it quit raining while the open-air meeting was on the go, then began again.

The column reviewing the Christmas CRYS, is exceedingly interesting, especially this kindly *critique* on our own:

Among the most enterprising of Army publishers lately, are our Canadian comrades, who this Christmastide evidently meant business. They not only issued their special number in tasteful magazine form, with colored cover, but also gave a pictorial supplement representing, in nice, lively coloring, an Army lassie endeavoring to coax an old "lag" to an Army meeting, seen in full swing through an open door. It hardly needed the explanatory sentence, "The messenger of hope to the victim of despair," the picture quite telling its own story. The vagabond looks two ends and the middle of a thorough scamp, and we sincerely hope the lassie's efforts to reclaim him proved successful. The number is also well illustrated throughout its forty pages of interesting reading matter.

Canada comes to the front again in the Editorial notes thus:

THOU SHALT NOT DRINK.

Our "On the Nail" column contains a piece of intelligence this week that will rejoice the heart of every WAR CRY reader. Ontario, Canada, has declared by an overwhelming majority for the prohibition of liquor-selling in that Province. Toronto, the capital, recorded a majority of 2,000 votes in favor of public-house closing, and all along the line, the victory has been on the side of temperance reform. The Army and the churches have worked hand-in-hand to secure this glorious triumph, thus demonstrating to themselves and the nation, their power for good when once they agree that a certain line of action is necessary. This is very reassuring as an evidence that the salt of the earth has not entirely lost its savor. The triumph of our Canadian friends has a lesson in it for us if we learn it, and until we have done all we can to drive the drink-devil from the land, the blood of every drunkard who goes down to the grave unwarned, will be required at our hands. For the slaves of intemperance, who in our meetings have been freed—a numberless host—during our ten or twelve years' work in the colonies we rejoice, and give the glory to God. But for the ever-increasing army of bacchanals, what is going to be done?

A page-long picture of Colonel Dowdle, has a column on either side of the British Lion at Brunswick, gives the finish of Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle's first Victorian campaign.

CALIFORNIA.

The Californian *Cry* is always full of life and freshness. This time there is a thrill about the front page that, to say the least of it, verges on the ghastly—"WHAT I KNOW ABOUT HEADS," represents the devil posing as a profoundly learned phrenologist, with spectacles upon his fiendish nose, and fingering the bumps upon a skull, whilst other specimens surround him on every side.

"I've been studying your faces up there on the platform, and there ain't but two well-shaped heads in the crowd." So remarked a man when the meeting was drawing to a close in one of the San Francisco Salvation Army barracks, and some of the comrades following their usual custom, were down in the audience "fishing" for souls."

The sum and substance of the article is this:

Better one ounce of brain containing the knowledge of sins forgiven, and the way of life, than a ton stuffed with the schoolmen's learning, and lacking in this "one thing needful."

The OUTRIDERS appear this week in the Point Arena District. Here is a specimen-note:

"Our first mishap was just as we got off the ferry-boat, where our horses were down in quick sand, which is frequently found on the shores of the rivers after a storm. Poor Baby was the one to go down first, and after quite a bit of floundering around, we got him out. Thank God for helping us, and then started on again till we came to a bluff on the river bank, which we found had slid away, also several bridges were gone."

CAPTAIN GRONLOF is a prominent man in this issue. There appears a photo of himself and his wife, and son, his own biographical life-sketch, and a report of the meeting when he farewelled with his family for Finland, where for some time the Army has been waging war against sin and Satan.

"SLUM ANGELS," is a column cut from the *Cosmopolitan*, speaking very generously of our work. Describing the hourly, every-day toil of one of our Slum readers, the writer says:

"I turned to the globe and I saw instantly a dark, noisome alley in the east end of London. A young girl, with a white, resolute face, dressed in a robe of dark blue, wearing the bonnet of the Army, now appeared alone. She walked through the alley, and ascended the stairway of a tenement, crowded in all its quarters with the homes of the poor. Upon one floor I saw three families, crowded like animals, fifteen in all, in one room. Oaths, imprecations, and quarrelling were heard on all sides. Here dwelt the criminal and the outcast. Stalwart drunkards, dissolute women, sleeping in a dull, sodden stupor, little children poisoned in the foul atmosphere, desolate mothers and discouraged workmen, made up a population of misery that can be found everywhere, every day in the year, in any of the slums of the great cities. I shuddered at the thought of this young girl coming in contact with this vile throng. But her uniform made her sacred. I saw even the vilest of criminals give way before her with respect. I did not hear her say one word about religion. She came to help, and in anyway she could, the poor and suffering. She shamed the most dissolute by asking permission to help clean up their dreary rooms. Soon she was joined by a companion, and for nearly an hour I watched these brave girls carrying water into rooms that never had been cleaned, dressing the children of drunken parents, steadfastly working in the grim and noisome atmosphere, with the patience and loving energy of so many angels of light."

THE TRUE WISDOM.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN FRY.

PART I.

"*And they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.*"—DANIEL xii. 3.

There are two ways of looking at things, two standpoints from which they can be viewed, and each will give the object a different appearance altogether from the other.

A house will look very different when viewed from the back, than when seen from the front. A coat will appear altogether changed in appearance when put on inside out, than when worn the right side. An object will appear quite altered in color when viewed

Through Blue Glasses,

than when seen through green spectacles.

And so it is with spiritual things. "The natural man receiveth not the things of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Although some may look upon affliction as a very terrible thing, yet Paul, who certainly had his share, gave his description of it as follows:

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and external weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The pillar that God set between the Israelites and the Egyptians on the approach to the Red Sea, was

A Cloud of Darkness

to the Egyptians, while it was a pillar of fire light, and glory to the Israelites.

And so it is with wisdom.

People of the world who have no experimental knowledge of, or interest in spiritual things, look upon wisdom in a very different light to that in which one of the opposite character would view it in; while a spiritual man would consider it as the highest work a human being could be engaged in to be a soul-saver, even though it meant leaving all to follow Christ; an unregenerate soul would look upon it as

The Height of Folly.

This is because the eyes of the carnally minded are "blinded by the god of this world." They can see no further than the things of time. They cannot discern the "things that are not seen."

The servant of Elisha could only see the enemy that surrounded and beseiged their city; but when his eyes were opened, he saw that all the mountains surrounding the city, were full of horses and chariots of fire.

The man with the muck-rake could only see the muck that he was raking together, while he was blind to the glittering crown above his head.

Now, let us look for a moment at things generally as they should appear to

A True Child

of God—one whose spiritual eyes have been opened. The converted soul will see that the world around him is in rebellion against God; that, although God at first pronounced every thing He had made to be "very good," the devil, who had been cast out of heaven for his rebellion, knowing that man had been created to take the position he had forfeited, with a heart full of envy, hatred, and revenge, sought his ruin. He tempted our first parents to transgress, and so was brought sin, with all its attendant miseries into the world.

He will see that the Scriptures are true when they say that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," that "God is angry with the wicked every day," that "the wages of sin is death, and" that "after death" comes "the judgment."

He will also see that God's great purpose with mankind is to bring him back from his

Rebellion and Sin, to Submission

to, and peace with God, and to a life of righteousness and true holiness.

He will also know that this was not possible without an atonement; that the justice of God, requiring either that man should bear the penalty of his transgression, or that a substitute, One who was without sin, should come forward to die in his place.

He will know that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" to be the subtitute—the atonement for the sins of the whole world.

He will know that Christ has not only purchased pardon for all past guilt, but regeneration of the nature, the "new birth," that when

The Required Conditions

are fulfilled—"Repent ye, and believe the Gospel"—these results are accomplished in the soul—the past is blotted out, the man is born again, made a new creature in Christ Jesus, a child of God and an heir of heaven.

He will also see that God intends those who have received His salvation should join Him in the one great purpose of bringing the world to Himself. "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." "Ye are the salt of the earth." "Ye are the light of the world—a city that is

Set on a Hill

cannot be hid, neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine." He will know that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God; but how shall they hear without a preacher?" "Let him that heareth say, Come."

He will realize that "if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked of his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand."

(To be continued.)

A GREAT deal of talent is lost in this world for the want of a little courage.

IF anything can make the devil rub his hands with delight, it is to get us to look at men instead of Christ.

THE devil runs his claws through a great many people by first making them believe that respectable meanness is religion.

WHEN the devil sees a man who is kinder to his mules than he is to his wife, he doesn't care how much he testifies.

Going to Law Condemned.

An old lawyer used to say that the requirements for going to law were ten: (1) Plenty of money; (2) plenty of patience; (3) a good case; (4) a good attorney; (5) plenty of money; (6) a good counsel; (7) a good witness; (8) a good jury; (9) a good judge, and (10) plenty of money. The first, fifth and tenth requirements are the most important. "If you're fond of pure vexation and long procrastination, you're just in the situation to enjoy a suit at law." It was a sage remark of Dr. Johnson that the "plaintiff and defendant in an action at law are like two men ducking their heads in a bucket and daring each other to remain longest under water."

[Read I. Corinthians vi., first seven verses.]

THE WILL OF GOD, that is the one thing for a child of God to do.

THERE is an uttermost salvation to be had for the asking. Hallelujah!

"WE talk to God at the Throne of Grace, but do we wait there long enough to hear Him talk to us?"

HOW WILL your present transactions look when you view them from a dying bed or the Bar of God?

IT WOULD be better to starve to death than acquire princely wealth in a way contrary to the Word of God.

DO NOT believe that the Bible is too old-fashioned a Book for guidance now-a-days. No business can finally prosper that is not square with its requirements.

WE CAN never be as successful as we might be, if in any particular our heart or practice is contrary to the revealed will of God as it is written in His Word.

IF WE WERE as definite and business-like with our petitions at the Throne of Grace as we are in our transactions over the counter with our grocer we would probably have many more definite answers to our prayers.

An Interview

— WITH —

THE GENERAL.

The General's Jubilee, the important announcement of which was first made public through the last issue of the *War Cry*, has excited unbounded interest far beyond Army circles. The Press, generally, lost no time in seizing upon and conveying the information we gave far and wide; but the enterprising London daily, the *Chronicle*, outstripped all its compeers with an early and interesting interview with the General of a column and a half in length. We think the portions we herewith quote will be to the taste of all our readers:—

What Salvationists Can Do.

"Why, the newest Salvationism looks almost a life's undertaking in itself?"

"Oh, no, no," was his deliverance as he tramped past me towards the other end of the room—a strong, rugged figure, his grey hair and thoughtful face thrown up in relief by the vivid blaze of his red jersey. "No," he went on, "it's really wonderful what we Salvationists can do when we try. I don't reckon that the outside world cares much about our religion, because the outside world doesn't understand it. But they do care about my Social experiments; they've got to, they cannot help themselves."

"Any more, General, than I—impelled by your jubilee—can help dragging you across the past fifty years in quest of confessions and reflections about yourself and your movement."

A Look Backward.

"Well, it's not a light task you set me, and anyhow, don't you know already that I was brought up as a boy in the Church of England, and that I was still a boy when, of my own action, I joined the Wesleyan Methodists? I thought the Wesleyan Methodist Church was a more lively place, that there was more to attract, that it would suit me better. In connection with the Wesleyan Methodists, I travelled, when I grew up, through the country from Alnwick to Land's End, as an evangelist. When the disruption took place in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, I joined the Methodist New Connexion, and I went about for them preaching and visiting their churches. I think I was associated with the Methodist New Connexion for about eight years. Then conditions were sought to be imposed on me which I regarded as conditions that I could not accept, and we parted."

"If you hadn't I suppose there would never have been a Salvation Army?"

"Well, I found all the training I had got exactly useful to me in the rise of the Salvation Army. But meantime I worked on as an independent missionary, and as such, came and settled in East London. First, my organization was called the East London Revival Society, and then the Christian Mission. We moulded it on the pattern of like Methodist organizations; but, apart from all sorts of forms, we wanted to get on, to be successful. Accordingly, we laid hold of every idea that could help us ahead, of everything likely to attract the people. Desiring first and foremost to be effective, we put all the oars we could into the water."

"And having 'Full steam ahead' for motto, the Christian Mission passed on to be the Salvation Army?"

"A Mosaic Democracy."

"Not quite so fast, though. We had committees and conferences, and all that sort of thing. One man would come up with one motion, and another man with a different motion, and nothing would be done. It struck me that this would not do, that on these lines we could not do the work as I saw it lying before me. Accordingly, I outlined to those who were helping me a basis of organization such as you know the Salvation Army to have. My critics call it an autocracy, a one-man show; I call it a Mosaic democracy—a system combining the advantages of one head with perfect individual freedom to all. I said to those who had been associated with me, that if they did not care to come along on the new program, I would endeavor to help them elsewhere. They came along, and they have never wanted to leave me."

"In due course, your strange, wonderful Salvation Army was the result?"

"Quite so. But, mind you, when I began that mission work in the East End, I had no idea that it was to end in the Salvation Army. I can best express myself by saying that the Salvation Army simply grew upon me. In those days there was a great deal less interest in the East End than there is now. Fewer agencies by many, many were at work, and slumming had not become a fashionable diversion. While there has been an infinite increase in the efforts to rescue the East End, there has also been an increase of its squalor and suffering. Accordingly, it is difficult to make a contrast between the East End of then, and the East End of to-day. What I should venture to say, is simply that the one was, and the other is as bad as possible."

After the conversation between interviewer and the interviewed upon topics well-known to our readers—the origin of the title "The Salvation Army," and the meaning of "Blood-and-Fire," the General observed that the criticism that he had vulgarized religion was misplaced and hollow.

The Methods of the Salvation Army.

"It's the observation of the thoughtless and the prejudiced. The Hindoo is attracted by the tom-tom, the American negro—you may almost say the American—by the drum. If you were to play Mozart to the East End poor—to the hungry wastrels of the street—would they appreciate the music? Don't you see, we have to attract the common people, and so we play the music of the common people, and I like to hear a Salvation Army band everywhere and anywhere, because the people like it."

"You altogether repudiate the suggestion of vulgarising religion, and that kind of talk?"

"Repudiate it! Why, it's beside the mark altogether. And look here, have Salvation Army methods been copied, or have they not? I need not answer that, because we all know how extensively they have been copied. I imagine the Church Army proclaims frankly enough that with some modifications, some alterations, it is a child of the Salvation Army. Why, I was in Yorkshire the other day, and I heard of three chapels in one town to which it had been found impossible to get congregations until the Salvation Army methods were adopted. Immediately our methods were adopted the chapels got crowded congregations. Just put that down for the critics."

A Popular Religion.

"In a word, General, a prominent effect of the Salvation Army's work has been to popularise religion?"

"Oh, undoubtedly. I claim that we have influenced all the churches, that we have had a deep influence on the whole moral and religious spirit of the country. We have wakened the churches up to their responsibilities for the welfare of the people religiously and socially. To take a specific result of our work, see what we have done to clear the streets of London of the homeless waifs who in crowds disgraced us as a nation for allowing such things to be possible. Every night there are something like five thousand people in our Shelters, and twenty thousand fallen women, and twelve thousand criminals have passed through our hands. Yet we are charged with vulgarising religion, and that our music and our methods are not for the drawing-room! We have our answer."

A Women's Emancipation Movement.

"How far, would you say, has the Salvation Army had an effect on the women's movement in England?"

"A great effect, not merely in England, but everywhere that the Salvation Army has planted itself. The Salvation Army was the pioneer in the movement for the emancipation of women, and in the establishment of the position of women we have achieved what is really little short of a revolution. The fact that Mrs. Booth was as intimately concerned as myself in the building up of the Salvation Army had much to do initially with the position of Salvationist women. In our courting days, I used to tell her that a woman had a fibre more in the heart and a cell less in the brain than a man. She laughed at me, and she did not mind woman being credited with the extra fibre in the heart, but she objected to the cell less in the brain. It was one of the few subjects on which we took different views; but, mind you, I was very advanced on it, only she had no trammels at all. Eventually, I need hardly say, mine disappeared."

The Hostile Forces.

"During the making of the Salvation Army, how have you found the attitude of public men—dignitaries of all sorts?"

"Not too kindly disposed. I'm afraid the dignitaries haven't like us; they have winced at our religion. We have fought our way against many hostile forces, but cheered also by much sympathy. When *Darkest England* was published, there was in particular a generous outflow of sympathy. Our Scheme I trust to make even more powerful, more convincing than it is, only wait a little."

"Taking the history of the Salvation Army, what has been its most interesting period to you?"

"There are most reminiscences attached to the period of greatest struggle, when it was a child. But its most solid, its most satisfactory period has been recent years."

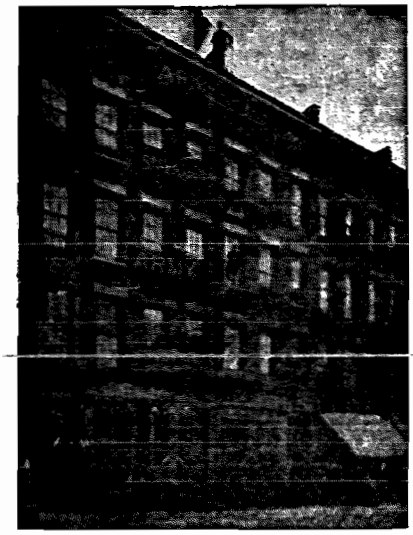
The Army's Goal.

"Of the future, General, what do you say?"

"That the Salvation Army has not by any means reached its goal. I see little limit to its development. I think it will become the most powerful religious organization in the world."

A NIGHT IN THE BUFFALO SHELTER.

(See page 14.)



BUFFALO FOOD AND SHELTER DEPOT.

THE FIVE CENT BEDS.

THE TEN CENT BEDS.

LOUNGING ROOM IN ARK.

FROM THE ENGLISH "CRY."

We have, this week, been refreshed by quite a stream of fresh and fascinating literature. First came the Easter number of the Canadian WAR CRY, converted into a high-class pictorial, and on a par with the finest works of art produced at the price. Its most remarkable literary feature takes the form of a feat by Commandant Herbert Booth. His article upon "The Drama of the Cross" is too valuable to spoil by a general description here.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

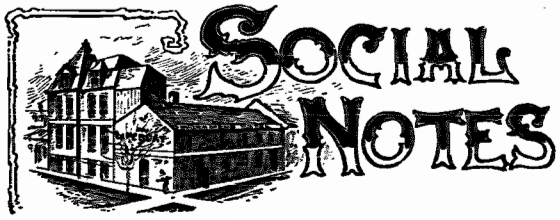
The Canadian CRY reminds us, by its handsome make-up, of Christmas editions. The supplement is a work of art, and depicts our precious Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in Gethsemane, wrestling in agony for our ruined race. The picture is after a painting by J. M. H. Hoffman, and is worthy of a frame.

A SWEET CRITICISM.

I would like to say that the Easter CRY went like new maple syrup in Morrisburg. It was very sweet to our taste. We congratulate you, Mr. Editor. May you long live to send us a paper from which we can extract such pure honey.

ETTIE WHITTEKER.

"HEAR, HEAR," is perhaps the most familiar interjection heard during debates in the House of Commons, but how few members know the origin of the phrase. It will be a surprise to many to know that the earliest instance of its use is to be found in II. Samuel xx. 16: "Then cried a wise woman out of the city, 'Hear, hear.'"



Two Hours in the Toronto Men's Shelter.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

OW gladly did I accept Miss Macdonald's invitation to take a meeting at the Men's Shelter last Wednesday night.

Accompanied by several of our comrades we wended our way to the Wilton Ave. Home. For years we had known it as the place of refuge for fallen women and girls. Now, nightly, scores of men flock there and find a shelter.

Food and beds being provided for a few cents, and where the applicant is minus the "few cents," an opportunity is given him to earn it in the wood-yard opposite. Not only are the temporal needs supplied, but the spiritual are attended to also. There is a small corps connected with the Shelter, and on Sunday nights beautiful meetings are held, as well as on two or three evenings during the week.

On the night in question a nice little crowd gathered as soon as we commenced to sing, and as the meeting progressed they gathered in as the supper was finished. The faces of the men were a study indeed, young and old. Some brought there through unfortunate circumstances; others through habits of strong drink; but all taking a deep interest in the meeting, as shown by the hearty way they sang. How their heads dropped, and in some instances the tears flowed during the speaking. Poor fellows!

Like the prodigal, many of them had gone right down, even to the husks of the swine trough.

Pathetic it was, when a half-intoxicated fellow, after we told them to suggest a song, drawled out, "Sing, 'Where is my wandering boy to-night?'"

We sang it, yes, right through, and they all joined in. Who can tell the memories of home and mother-love resurrected by these words of that world-wide hymn. God bless them! May many a mother's prayer be answered on their behalf! We believe it shall, and in many cases the answer will be brought about through the Salvation Army Shelter and its influences.

What has been done? you ask. Statistics are not usually interesting, and I have none to hand at the moment to give, but a few incidents given me after the meeting, by Captain Freeman, will be interesting:

"We are too busy with the things that really happen to write much about them for the Car, but a great work is going on, and some are getting saved."

I quite believed this after the bright testimonies given by some of the men in the meeting.

One who has been doing well for weeks is a Baptist minister's son. He had given himself up to dissolute habits of drink, etc., and got so low that one day he wanted the Captain to buy his boots for ten cents. He came to the Shelter one night and immediately went off into *delirium tremens*. When he recovered, he prayed God "not to send him to hell where he deserved to go to-night." He was under deep conviction for days. At last in a Shelter meeting, he led the way, and with four others found salvation. He got a "Saturday job" that kept him for the week for a time. Now he has a situation, and is a uniformed soldier in a city corps.

Another, who was sent to the country, has written several times telling of his well-doing.

A German young man testified in the meeting in broken English, and told us afterwards how he came to Canada thinking to get more work and money, but with a sad smile, "Not much work, not much money as there; plenty work in Germany."

He is working in the wood-yard for enough to keep him, looking forward anxiously to the spring.

"I was one of the genteel kind of drunkards," said an intelligent, well-dressed man to us after the meeting. "They are the worst kind, but, thank God, I have been saved three weeks."

"Can you give me two cents to make up my five, I have only three?" said a young boy to Captain Freeman as he stood telling us of the victories achieved. I felt curious enough to ask him about himself, found that he was nineteen, had worked for his living since he was nine. His father had been killed in a railway accident. He and two sisters had supported widow mother. Mother died recently in distant place. He came to Toronto, like many others, to find work. Old story—no shelter, but the one so cheaply provided by the Salvation Army.

A garrison is to be carried on in connection with the Social work. One of the Cadets, already in training, walked 145 miles to get to Toronto to enter the work.

The Shelter accommodates about a hundred men. It was a sight to see them trooping up good-naturedly to their beds.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

A Rescue Home for Wayward Women.

Being a garrison town and a naval station, the social evil is naturally more serious in Halifax than in other cities of similar population. Thoughtful newspaper readers must be often struck at the frequency of reports of young girls going astray. Often it is recorded that "the police have taken a handsome young girl out of a house on Grafton street," or, "from a dive on Brunswick or Albermarle streets;" and again, "a good looking young girl was before the stipendiary to-day," etc. Most of these girls, and perhaps the majority of them, are from the country, with few real friends in this city, no resources of their own, and mostly illiterate. When a girl once goes astray, there appears to be but one fate for her—a life of sin and degradation. It is next to impossible for her to regain the position from which she has fallen. She is shunned by society, often repudiated by her relatives, ostracised by her former friends, and neglected by the church. As a general thing her sex make it impossible for the erring one to reform.

What Becomes of these Wayward Ones

—the young girls who have taken one misstep, and those older in sin? What intelligent, persistent, practical effort is made to prevent the one from straying farther away and to reclaim the latter from a life of shame? The only thing the magistrate can do is to send them to Rockhead, or one of the "homes." To send them to Rockhead is merely to still further harden them in sin and crime, and, in addition, to stamp them as jail birds for all time. And what becomes of them after they leave these institutions? Who looks after them? Who cares? Who ever thinks of them?

Who is there among even the most devoted of Christian women who will engage as a domestic a girl who has stepped aside from the path of virtue—not to speak of having served a term in jail?

The existence, present condition and future of this most unfortunate class of girls appears to have been almost entirely neglected by the churches of the city—at least, there has been no concerted and general movement to reach and save them. And yet this work would seem to be

One of the Most Prominent Features of Practical Christianity.

The Salvation Army, however, has made this "Rescue Work" one of their specialties. In many other cities it is their chief and most successful feature.

* * *

Within six months the substantial barracks have been erected, and now the two chief features of practical modern religion are being introduced, viz., "The Rescue Home" and "Food and Shelter." For the Rescue Home the house No. 141, Morris Street, between Dresden Row and Brenton Street, has been rented and fitted up. It is only a beginning and will accommodate but a dozen girls. It is in charge of Miss Hartrey. She is a little Ontario girl, under five feet high, weighs about 85 pounds, and the most unlikely looking woman for such work; but to those who know her capacity, she is the best fitted woman for this delicate work.

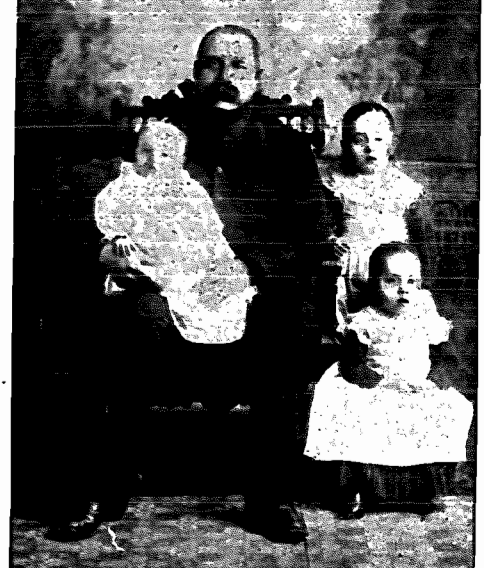
* * *

This home is not a prison; it is not a reformatory, in the penal meaning of the word; it is not an institution to which girls are sentenced.

Only Those go there who do so Voluntarily

and with the express desire to lead a new life.

It has no prison rules or regulations. It is governed by love, and only religious influences are relied upon for reformation of its inmates. Fallen women can never be reclaimed to lives of virtue by penal discipline. The Army believes that a complete change of life can only follow an entire change of heart; and their labors are directed solely to the achievement of that end. The doors of this home are always open to any girl or woman desiring to lead a better life. No money is asked for. It is absolutely unsectarian. The sole condition for admittance is a desire for reformation.—[*Halifax Mail.*



CAPTAIN FREEMAN AND FAMILY.

THE devil has no better friend on earth than the hypocrite.

MEN like the devil because he makes them believe they are somebody.

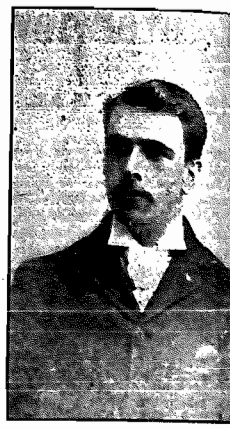
THE devil sees to it that a scolding woman never gets hoarse.

THE devil would have to go out of business if he couldn't use whitewash.

THE devil is not able to discourage the man who believes that God is with him.

THE devil never gets very far away from people who never go to prayer meeting.

IF nobody ever looked toward the devil, nobody would ever walk toward him.



CORPORAL FLETCHER, of the "Lifeboat."

A NIGHT IN THE BUFFALO "ARK."

The Salvation Army Commercial Street Shelter.

CAPT. LAING'S GOOD WORK.

Cheap Food and Lodging for the Homeless Poor—Scenes in a Worthy Charitable Institution—The Dark Side of City Life.

"The Ark" is the name of the worthiest institution for the poor in Buffalo. Do you know where it is? Well, "The Ark" is the "Shelter" conducted by the Salvation Army.

The night watchman, a well-dressed and neat appearing young man was formerly a saloonkeeper. The man in charge of the workshop is a noted character, and his case aptly illustrates the saving work done by the Salvation Army. He was formerly a gambler, and at one time was card dealer and dice thrower in McDonald's famous, or rather infamous, gambling den, in Chicago. His training was vicious, and on three occasions, he was tried for his life. During his early boyhood he shot a young companion. He claimed that it was accidental, but was convicted. Being too young to send to prison, he escaped punishment. During two gambling brawls, he killed two men, and then reformed. He does not look like a bloodthirsty villian, and his repentance is evidently sincere.

The Shelter was opened on May 1, 1893. It contains 189 beds, ranging in price from 5 to 15 cents a night. The 5 and 10 cent beds are in tiers in large rooms. The 15 cent beds are in small rooms. Each room contains a bed, stand, chair, etc. Some are supplied with mirrors and other useful articles. Each cheap bed has a rude locker for clothes, and all are numbered. During the winter months the average number of lodgers was about 170. With every 10 and 15 cent check, a check for two cents worth of food is given. This check entitles the bearer to a large bowl of soup, or coffee, and a liberal slice of bread. The "Ark" is not self-supporting, and is constantly in need of money.

Our wood yard is not self-supporting. We buy wood by the carload, but the great difficulty is to dispose of it after it is sawed, cut, and made into bundles. We give nothing absolutely free. Applicants too poor to pay for board or lodging are asked to work for the same. The wood-yard doesn't pay us, but it supplies a practical test, and shows whether the man is willing to work. Very few refuse to work. One man refused, saying he had not worked in five years, and would not begin at this late day. Another said he would rather starve than work in the city stone-yard, and I believe he found his way to the poorhouse. We made door mats and plaster casts. A young German acted as instructor for those engaged in making the casts, but he is now employed engraving ivory for a jewellery firm here. I acted as instructor for the mat makers. We sell these articles from house to house. We have managed to make these two branches self-supporting. All accounts are kept separate, so we know

just how much we lose or earn on everything. We do not take in men who are fighting drunk, but if an applicant is drunk and homeless and willing to behave himself, we take him in, provide for him, and try to redeem him."

The Bill of Fare.

The restaurant is like some of the very cheap chop-houses, so-called. It is in the basement of the building, adjoining the wood-yard. The kitchen is in the rear, and several men were busily engaged in preparing for the hungry crowd to be supplied at 6 p.m. Two long tables, supplied with benches, were arranged in the dining-hall.

Preaching the Gospel.

The first floor contains the meeting room, office, and lounging room. The latter room is supplied with papers; the men are allowed to smoke, and attendance at the prayer meetings is not compulsory.

The typical emblems of the Salvation Army, the flag and bass drum, were conspicuous. The mottoes, "Jesus only," "God our Guide," and "Stand up for Jesus," were displayed; also, the notice, "No one allowed to leave the hall except during singing." This is not an indication that the singing is bad.

Some of the rooms are decorated with pictures clipped from illustrated periodicals, and Salvation mottoes are seen here and there. Some of these mottoes are worked very neatly in gold and silver on heavy cardboard. A friend of the Shelter supplies them in large numbers, and they are sold for the benefit of the institution. All of the rooms were well scrubbed, free from vermin, and well lighted and ventilated. The walls are frequently whitewashed, and the search for vermin is unceasing and quite successful. The institution, under the circumstances recited, is as clean as possible. A room in the rear of the office is the "baggage room." There the trunks, valises, bundles and tools of the lodgers are temporarily stored.

The attendances at the Working Women's Home, Albert Street, are very good. The Home accomodation is only just sufficient to meet the needs of the many women who come.

"Oh, ye forsaken sons of poverty and ancient daughters of sorrow, who pine away in your desolate garrets or cellars, without fire in winter, destitute of food, physic, or nurse in sickness! raise a moment your emaciated bodies wrapped up in threadbare blankets, if you are possessed of any such a covering, and tell me, tell the world, how many have sought and found you out in your deplorable circumstances? How many are come to visit you and worship with you. "The Man of Sorrows," who once lay on the cold ground in a bloody sweat? When did they make your bed in your sickness? When have they kindly inquired into all your wants, sympathised in all your temptations, supported your drooping heads in a fainting fit, revived your sinking spirits with suitable cordials, gently wiped your cold sweats, or mixed them with their tears of pity?"—FLETCHER.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.—50c from a Sick Friend.

CHILDREN'S SHELTER.—Children's Friend, $5; Well-wisher, $1; Pure Gold Company, box of soap; Messrs. Stone & Crowther, one box Sultana raisins, 25 lbs. of Pearl rice, 10 lbs. sugar, 2 jars marmalade; Messrs. Perkins, Ince & Co., 25 lbs. of rice, 1 lb. of tea; Rutherford & Harrison, 3½ lbs. of butter.

WINNIPEG RESCUE HOME.—Christie, poultry; W. Bateman & Co., biscuits; Paulin & Co., biscuits; Mrs. Hussey, provisions; Mrs. Margetts, milk; Mrs. Johnson, milk; Mr. Wm. Templeton, milk; Mrs. Driscoll, bread and milk; Mr. Johnson, sugar; Mr. Abram, potatoes; Captain Lowry, bread and buns from soldiers' tea.

VICTORIA RESCUE HOME.—Mr. Doherty, $1; E. G. Prior & Co., $1; Mr. Bauer, 50c; Mr. Lyons, 25c; Friends, $1.25; Scotch and other Bakery, bread; Friends, meat, bread and coal; Father Grey, 25c; Mrs. Fell, $2; Mr. O'Leary, $1; Mr. McMillan, 50c; Friends, $0.25; per Bro. Beardwell, eggs, flour, butter, meat, etc.; Bro. McIntosh, potatoes; Bro. Dearden, fish; Mrs. Pike, bread and meat; Mrs. Dearden, yeast; Mr. Pendray, soap; Hall & Renouff, salt and baking powder; Friend, fish; J. Gosnell & Co., mutton; Scotch Bakery, bread; Mrs. Pike, fish.

Central Ontario Province.

The Headquarters for the Central Ontario Province is, corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets.

NOTICE THIS CHANGE.

Post Office orders are made payable to ALFRED DE BARRITT, Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.

OMEMEE.—We have had some blessed meetings here. On Saturday last, the Captain had a "Come-and-See" meeting.

On Sunday we had a fine meeting in the afternoon; many grand testimonies were given.

ORILLIA.—Ensign and Mrs. Dowell, Ensign and Mrs. Turner, and a number of officers were here to lead a special meeting Good Friday afternoon, in which four souls launched out into God's full ocean of love and liberty; also ONE FOR PARDON. At night, the power of God rested on the meeting. SIX MORE were ENROLLED and added to our number, and at the close, FOUR MORE stepped out of the broad way into the narrow path.

Sunday, the Lord was still our Helper. At the holiness meeting, there were some more who launched out for full salvation. In the afternoon, A PRODIGAL RETURNED.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Barrie District.

This Eastertide has found us well on the war path fighting against sin and the devil.

ORILLIA was the battleground chosen for Good Friday, led by Staff-Captain Jewer.

We met at half-past one for an officers' council, followed at three by a "Two-Hours'-at-the-Cross." God in a wonderful manner manifested His power right through the meeting, and while Ensign Turner was reading, the Spirit of God applied it to many souls, so that when the Staff-Captain drew the net in, EIGHT PRECIOUS COMRADES RUSHED TO THE FOUNTAIN for cleansing.

After tea (kindly provided by comrades), we met for a soldiers' council, followed by a march and open-air meeting; and after calling at the different hotels in the neighborhood, and giving them an invitation to the meeting, we proceeded to the barracks, which was nearly full.

The Staff-Captain was in good trim, and backed by Ensigns Turner and Dowell, with their better halves, and a host of other officers, he took hold in such a mighty manner, that as soon as we started the prayer meeting, ONE SOUL CAME FORWARD; SOON OTHERS came, till we counted FOUR at the mercy-seat.

Saturday found us on our way to BARRIE, where we were reinforced by the Toronto Musical Troupe, headed by Mrs. Ensign Phillips, who had been having a wonderful musical blizzard the previous night at Stroud. Brigadier de Barritt was announced to lead the attack on the enemy, and our faith rose to the highest pitch.

Saturday night was a free-and-easy time, led by the Brigadier. The soldiers aimed straight at the devil. Captain Morris, with his banjo, was on the scene; also our Toronto Troupe, with their guitars and autoharps.

A red-hot prayer meeting followed, and although no one yielded, our faith was high for our Sunday's meeting.

At seven a.m., the soldiers met for an hour at the Throne on behalf of the days' fight, and God drew so near, that it seemed to be the very gate of heaven. This is the largest knee-drill that Barrie has had for a long time.

Souls were melted in the holiness meeting, and vows renewed.

The afternoon, a time of blessing, ONE MAN COMING FORWARD for salvation.

At night, such a wave came over the meeting, that the people fairly shook in their seats; and although the majority said "not to-night," we rejoiced over a poor BACKSLIDER RETURNING, who, after eight years' service, slipped, and backslid three weeks ago. Praise the Lord he's back in the fold.—SKIPPER.

PORT PERRY.—We are still going on to victory. The people were greatly taken up with the Easter CRY; indeed, the Methodists of Prince Albert took it to church to sing Mrs. Booth's song, and when I went out this week some of the people wanted to get it; they think so much of the song that they want to get it to learn it.

Last Saturday night ONE SOUL came forward in earnest about his soul, and said God saved him, and as he goes from place to place we trust God will keep him.—Lieutenant J. SLATER.

LISGAR STREET. — Another week has gone into eternity, but not without its work, its responsibilities, and faithful dealing with precious souls; but, praise God, some have decided to start for the Kingdom.

On Sunday, Mrs. Read led the meeting with power; many hearts were stirred up to see the need of being right with God. SOME VOLUNTEERED. The latest at Lisgar St. is a meeting entitled "The prodigal son," and a week later "The Ten Virgins," with good results, both spiritually and financially. Praise God! The net was drawn in with FOUR SOULS.—Sergeant Mrs. STICKELLS, Special Correspondent.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION. — This week we have seen SIX SEEKING mercy and one backslider, for which we give God all the glory.—Captain R. WILSON.

Our Battle Cry is "Victory."

COLLINGWOOD, ONT.—News comes to hand from all over the district of how the war goes on, and it is encouraging to notice the interest is increasing, and, thank God, sinners getting saved.

LIEUTENANT POLLARD, who has taken charge of ORANGEVILLE, writes to say they have a number of recruits ready for enrolment. I give you a hearty welcome into the Collingwood District, and may you be a mighty soul-winner.

I have visited SHELBURNE, where Captain FERGUSON is stationed. She expressed her confidence of victory, and though there is some debt in this place, Captain F—— is getting it cleared off, and now that hallelujah Lieutenant from Newfoundland has come, the devil will have to sit up. Go ahead, Lieutenant.

At GIBRALTAR, a brigade of the Feversham Circle Corps, we had a glorious time. Building full, and TWO SOULS saved. May God bless the sergeant of this brigade, who plays his fiddle for the glory of God.

We now go on to FEVERSHAM. Captain NOEL GREEN is stationed here, assisted by Lieutenant ROSE, one of the Flying Squadron. They have a blood-and-fire lot of soldiers to back them up, and will do a good work for God. They have five regular forts and one irregular.

I saw some soldiers here whom I believe ought to become candidates right away. COMRADES, REMEMBER GOD CALLS FOR YOU, THE WORLD NEEDS YOU, AND HALF-DAMNED SPIRITS CRY FOR YOU TO GO FORTH. WILL YOU OBEY? Answer.

Next is STAYNER. We had a good meeting here. This place has been without officers for some time, but we expect to be able to send one soon. God bless you; keep at it; pull together, and you shall gain the victory.

At District Headquarters the war goes on. God's power has been manifested; devils have howled; sinners have got saved, and believers sanctified.

On Sunday evening, ONE WOMAN came to the penitent-form.

LINDSAY.—FOUR MORE PRISONERS CAPTURED since last report. Saturday night, we ENROLLED SEVENTEEN RECRUITS; more to follow. Knee-drills gone up from seven and eight to twenty in attendance; old times over again. Warriors applying for the work. Ward sergeants working splendidly. Two visited nineteen homes and SOLD TEN WAR CRYS in one afternoon.

On Saturday night we had a pound meeting. Oh, what a rally to our needs! We received the following provisions: 13 loaves of bread, 15 pounds light brown sugar, 8 pounds white sugar, half a ham, 7 pounds beef, 3 pounds sausage, 3 bowls, 1 jar of fruit, 1 bottle catsup, 1 tin dish, 1 can tomatoes, 1 can peas, 2 pounds butter, 1 glass pitcher, 1 can corn, 3 cocoanut cakes, 2 pies, 2 baskets potatoes, 2 fruit cakes, 2 loaf cakes, 2 pounds biscuits, 2 pounds rice, 2 pounds oatmeal, 1 pound roll oats, 1 pound barley, 1 pound cookies, 3 pound raisins, 1 pound ginger-snaps, 1 bowl pears, 1 dozen eggs, celery, red carrots.—Ensign AYRE.

LIPPINCOTT STREET.—Sunday, great meetings all day, led by Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, assisted by the Musical Troupe.

Afternoon. "Bring me a map of your district, Captain," says the Brigadier. When supplied with this, he sat down by a table, and as the soldiers came in to meet for open-air, the Brigadier sent them out in couples to visit the people and invite them to the meetings, and drop a word of salvation on the way. After sending forth about a dozen couples, we went around with cornet and drum to gather them all up again for our meeting inside. Here we had a lively time indeed, when the Brigadier called upon all the soldiers to tell how they got on with their visiting. It was very interesting to hear their experiences, how some people smiled at them, and very few gave them a slam-the-door-in-their-face reception.

Night meeting, great crowds. Everybody on the tip-toe of expectation to see souls saved, and, thank God, we were not disappointed, for

TWO SOULS CAME BOLDLY OUT

to seek, and found Jesus.—Captain CARRUTHERS.

LATER.—Sunday, a real old-timer. Meetings led all day by Staff-Captain Jewer. Soldiers going in with all their might, and with a united pull all in the one direction, we, by the help of God, got TWO BACKSLIDERS into the fountain.—Captain CARRUTHERS, Cadet SMITH.

GRAVENHURST.—Since coming here, we have had some good times in visiting. Good meetings all day Sunday. There is a great work to be done here, and God is helping us to have victory. We mean to fight and conquer.—Capt. STAIGER, Lieutenant MITCHELL.

YORKVILLE.—"To-day is the best day I ever spent," exclaimed Cadet Rose, as we entered the quarters after the fight, and the writer had to say "Amen," for it was a grand day from beginning to end. We had the Musical Troupe with us all day, led on by Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt and Ensign and Mrs. Phillips. The marches were grand, led by the autoharp band. The attendance was good, and the collections grand. I want to thank all those who took part for the noble way they rallied round.—Captain GARRETT.

TEMPLE.—The heavenly gales are being felt at the Temple. SIX SOULS is the news for our week-end meetings. TWO YOUNG MEN Saturday night claimed the Blood that makes the vilest clean. Knee-drill splendid; holiness meeting better; afternoon and night meetings times of power. FOUR SOULS at night took their stand for Christ. Soldiers worked well; band played splendid.—Lieutenant SHEARD for Captain EDGECOMBE.

BRACEBRIDGE. — God is with us in mighty power. Meetings are attractive; crowds attending; souls are coming to the fountain. Open-air meetings are good; people stand and give their best attention. Knee-drills are going up; from fifteen to twenty-two attend. Hallelujah FOUR SOULS have returned to their Father's house. Last night was a proper time. TWO SOULS GOT SAVED, and we wound up with a march round the barracks, with a Newfoundland dance.—E. A. D.

OSHAWA.—The Lord of Hosts has been, and is, present with us. Two souls in the fountain. Both testified to have been saved from sin. May God keep them. The work is bound to roll on in spite of every obstacle and difficulty, for we work out of love for God. Sin and drink are taking fast hold on many souls, but we shall do our best for their salvation. Hallelujah!—Captain BANKS.

RIVERSIDE.—Soldiers' meetings increasing in blessing and numbers; and naturally, the other meetings as well. Having to be kept at home much of the time and no help has given very little chance with the WAR CRYS and visiting, but Cadet Samuel Redburn, from Gibraltar, arrived on the scene fully equipped for the war.

The best Juniors' Jubilee has just been held here which I have ever been privileged to attend. A nice crowd attended. Good interest and a lasting impression made. ONE SOUL during the past week, making SEVEN since coming.—ERNEST ANDREWS, Captain.

"So work with that earnestness, constancy, and unweariness in well doing, as if thy works alone were able to justify and save thee; and so absolutely depend and rely upon the merits of Christ for justification and salvation, as if thou never hadst performed one act of obedience in all thy life."—BISHOP HOPKINS.

A HARVEST OF DEATH.

Saloon-Keepers! Read This.

"What a man soweth that shall he also reap." When the crop is in the ground he may take a rest, but his crop will grow; and he must reap in the harvest day.

It is said that a tavern-keeper who had abandoned the traffic in alcohol, after having been several years engaged in it, whenever the subject of his selling liquor was referred to, was observed to feel deep regret and sorrow. A friend one day inquired the cause.

"I will tell you," said he, opening his account book, "Here are forty-four names of men who have been my customers, most of them, for years. *Thirty two* of these men, to my certain knowledge, now lay in *the drunkard's grave*; ten of the remaining *twelve* are now living *confirmed sots*."

Was not that a flourishing business? Forty-two men ruined, forty-two homes made desolate, that one rum-seller might get some money, and win the curse of God that overhangs the dealers in strong drink.

It is an easy business, it is a money-making business, but

"What shall the harvest be?"

What shall he say in the Day of Judgment?

—*Selected.*

"LET every sinner know it is his work to *repent* and *return*, that he may live. You cannot sit down and say, 'What need is there of my working? Christ has already done all my work for me to my hands.' No, Christ has done His own work, the work of a *Saviour* and a *surety*; but He never did the work of a sinner."—BISHOP HOPKINS.

"All our *salvation* is of God in Christ." "All our *damnation* is of ourselves."—WESLEY.

TO WOMEN

Who are at Ease in Zion.

To the Rescue!

CANDIDATES ARE WANTED

Immediately for the Rescue Work. Apply at once to Mrs. Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto. The need is great. The Lord Jesus says: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature." —Mark xvi. 15. This command is for you, sister.

The "Retreat,"

THE SALVATION ARMY

WORKING-WOMEN'S HOME,

NOW OPEN,

14 Albert Street, East side Temple.

GOOD FOOD and CLEAN, WARM BEDS

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

Soup	2 cents.
Soup and Bread ..	3 "
Irish Stew	5 "
Tea or Coffee, per cup,	2 "
Bread and Butter ..	2 "
Warm Beds	7 "

Dressmaking, Plain Sewing and Knitting done at Reasonable Prices.

A SPLENDID FIRE

Can be produced by using

COAL AND WOOD

bought at our woodyard. TELEPHONE 761 or 1444, corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria. Kindling, 7 Crates $1 00. Coal—Current price. Branch office—Lippincott and Ulster.

Friends of the Social Wing.

ATTENTION!

Our Branch Coal and Wood Office is now open, corner of Lippincott and Ulster Streets. The officer in charge, is prepared to give prompt and careful attention to all orders. This will be a means of great assistance to the Social Work.

N E W !

Now Ready for Sale.

MEN'S CRIMSON CASHMERE BLOUSES

Made of fine material. Just the thing you want for summer. We make them in three qualities, at

$1.75, $2.00 and $2.25 each.

When ordering send size of neck with order.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.

You Should Wear Regulation Uniform!

The way to get it is to write to the Trade Secretary for samples of Dress Goods and Self-Measurement Forms, and order at once.

Great variety in Serges and Cashmeres.

Try Headquarters!

Mrs. Booth

WILL CONDUCT THE

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

— AT —

OSHAWA, Monday, April 30th,

— AND —

LISCAR STREET, May 9th.

All Headquarters and Provincial, Social and Rescue Staff present at Liscar Street. Temple, Lippincott, Dovercourt, Richmond St., and the Yorkville Corps will also be present.

SPECIAL HOLINESS CAMPAIGN!

A CONVENTION ON REAL RELIGION

WILL BE HELD IN THE

Y. W. C. A. Hall, on Elm Street, Toronto,

ON THE EVENING OF

EVERY FRIDAY, until further notice,

Commencing at 8 o'clock.

MRS. BOOTH,

ASSISTED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE BY

Brigadier Mrs. Holland, Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt,

and MAJOR COMPLIN,

Staff-Captains FRIEDRICH, FRY, STREETON and JEWER, Headquarters and Social Staff, Officers and Soldiers of the Temple and Yorkville Corps and numbers of other Christians, Auxiliaries and Friends especially invited.

AUTOHARPS.

The demand for this beautiful instrument is daily increasing. We have repeated enquiries about them. In order to supply our Officers quickly and cheaply, we have made arrangements with the manufacturers, and are now selling autoharps at the following rates:

						PRICE
No. 1—21 strings,	3 bars,	producing	3 chords			$4 00
" 2—23 "	4 "	"	4 "			5 00
" 3—23 "	5 "	"	5 "			5 50
" 4—28 "	4 "	"	9 "			11 50
" 5—28 "	5 "	"	11 "			15 00
" 6—28 "	5 "	"	12 "			20 00
" 7—32 "	6 "	"	16 "			27 00

The June Congress

Will soon be here, and you have not ordered your Dress yet! Think of it! Time is passing. Send for Samples and Self-Measurement Forms, at once, to the Trade Secretary.

HAVE YOU READ

"Perfect Love,"

By REV. J. A. WOOD?

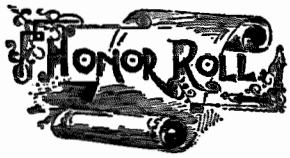
It is the book you should read. You can obtain it from the Trade Secretary at $1.00 per copy.

Order Your TRIMMED BONNET Early

To get it in time. Now is the rush. All Prices.

EASTER WAR CRY.

If you did not get the Easter War Cry and Supplement because the Captain had sold out, ask him to send to the Trade Secretary for some more. We supply all orders by return mail as long as the stock will last.



Captain Maxwell, New Westminster	111
Lieutenant Gooding, New Westminster	72
Grace McKenzie, Ingersoll	65
Sergeant Emma McDougall, Goderich	50
" " " "	50
Nelly McNaney, Kingston	38
Maud Horney, Kingston	32
Ida Sitzer, Ingersoll	30
Sister Speers, Owen Sound	30
Captain Markle, Parry Sound	28
Emily Howlett, Petrolea	28
Captain Orchard, Petrolea	27
E. Williams, Kingston	24
Captain Robertson, Owen Sound	24
Eunice Goodwin, Owen Sound	22
May Paulett, Oshawa	22
Maria Watson, Petrolea	21
Captain Kendall, Picton	20
Lieutenant Carter Picton	20

What About the NEW SUIT

You wanted to get this Spring? Now is your time. Send for samples and Self-Measurement Forms to the Trade Secretary.

HELP THE HELPERS.

If you want to assist (1) Ex-prisoners; (2) The Rescue Homes; (3) Children's Shelter and all Social operations of the Salvation Army, ring up Telephone No. 761, and drop a line to corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, for men for all kinds of work.

Kindling, Wood and Coal. City Prices. Delivered.

Look out next week for an illustrated article on our work amongst the waifs and strays.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER De BARRITT'S

— AND —

STAFF-CAPTAIN JEWER'S APPOINTMENTS

are as follows:

RICHMOND STREET, Thursday, April 26th.

OSHAWA, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, April 28th, 29th and 30th.

LIPPINCOTT, Tuesday, May 1st, Soldiers' Council (all city soldiers). Tea from 6 to 7, meeting at 7:30.

LISGAR STREET, Sunday, Monday and Wednesday, May 6th, 7th and 9th (anniversary).

BARRIE, Queen's Birthday, (Mrs. de Barritt and Staff).

TORONTO, Queen's Birthday, (Staff-Captain Jewer).

HAMILTON, Queen's Birthday, (Brigadier de Barritt and Staff.

Brigadier de Barritt will visit Uxbridge District corps in May.

The Musical Troupe

WILL VISIT

RICHMOND STREET, Thursday, April 26, to Monday, April 30.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Provincial Appointments

AS FOLLOWS:

DESERONTO:
Saturday, April 28.—Brigadier Scott, Staff-Captain Sharp, and Lieutenant Morris.
Sunday, April 29.—Special Meetings. Picton Band expected.

NAPANEE:
Saturday, May 5.—Brigadier Scott, Staff-Captain Sharp, and Lieutenant Morris.
Sunday, May 6.—Special Salvation Meetings. Brass Band expected.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

Brigadier Margetts' Welcome Tour.

STRATHROY, Friday, April 27th.
PETROLEA, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, April 28th, 29th and 30th.
DRESDEN, Tuesday, May 1st.
PALMERSTON, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 5th, 6th and 7th.
DRAYTON, Tuesday, May 8th.
LISTOWELL, Wednesday, May 9th.

Grace-before-Meat Box Provincial Agents' Appointments.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.—Adjutant Manton.

YORKVILLE, Thursday, April 26th.
RIVERSIDE, Monday, April 30th.
LIPPINCOTT, Tuesday, May 1st.
DOVERCOURT, Wednesday, May 2nd.
WEST TORONTO JUNCTION, Thursday, May 3rd.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.—Captain Crook.

NORWICH, Thursday and Friday, April 26th and 27th.
SIMCOE, Sunday and Monday, April 29th and 30th.
PORT ROWAN, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1st and 2nd.
TILSONBURG, Thursday and Friday, May 3rd and 4th.
INGERSOLL, Sunday and Monday, May 6th and 7th.

The Grace-before-Meat Box scheme will be fully explained and boxes distributed, and an address given on the Social Work in Canada, by the above-mentioned agents.

TORONTO, ATTENTION!

PLEASE.

3 P. M., EVERY FRIDAY, IN BASEMENT OF TEMPLE, ALBERT STREET,

Holiness Meeting

CONDUCTED BY

MRS. BRIGADIER De BARRITT.

☞ Every Salvation Army Soldier and Friend is earnestly invited to attend some of all these meetings.